

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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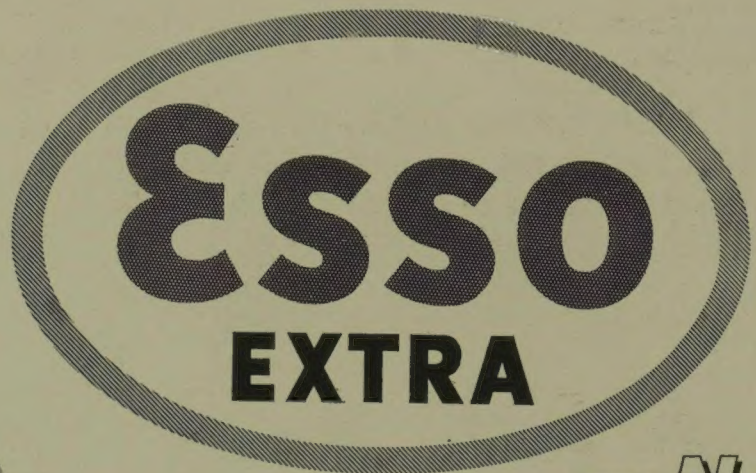
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In this new hydro-electric scheme he sees a brighter future for his people. "Electricity," says Mukasa, "is *olwobuluungi bwabantu*—for the benefit of Man."

Her Majesty the Queen, homeward bound on her world tour, recently opened the Owen Falls dam. The six 16,770-kVA waterwheel alternators, which make the electricity, are being supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1954.



AFTER THEIR TALKS AT CHARTWELL ON AUGUST 23: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL SHAKING HANDS WITH THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, M. MENDES-FRANCE. ON THE LEFT IS MR. EDEN, WHO HAD FLOWN BACK FROM AUSTRIA.

On August 23, before returning to Paris from Brussels after the failure of the Six-Power Conference on the E.D.C. Treaty, the French Prime Minister, M. Mendès-France, flew to Britain for discussions with Sir Winston Churchill. The Prime Minister was at Biggin Hill R.A.F. station to welcome M. Mendès-France, who then drove back to Chartwell with him. Mr. Eden interrupted his holiday in Austria to return to England to attend the meeting. A Foreign

Office statement said that before the Brussels conference M. Mendès-France suggested to Sir Winston that he should pay him a visit and the Prime Minister offered him a cordial welcome. In Brussels the delegates of the German Federal Republic, Belgium, Italy, Luxemburg and the Netherlands tried to reach a compromise with France, but found themselves unable to accept the far-reaching French proposals for modifying the E.D.C. Treaty.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE longer I live the more I believe in the infinite complexity and ultimate wisdom and balance of nature and the fallibility of man. When man is wise and recognises these two inescapable propositions he can prove capable of great things, for his intellect and will are themselves part of nature's intricate and immeasurable mechanism and can create patterns within nature's—or what many call God's—all-comprehending pattern that are of wonderful beauty, both moral and physical. When man, in arrogance and folly, sets himself above nature and, ignoring the divine or created reality of things, tries to exploit and force it into some purely intellectual and man-made scheme of his own, he inevitably creates ugliness, chaos and disorder which ends in the destruction both of his ideally conceived plan and himself. The story of the Tower of Babel provides a parable of unalterable truth; it has recurred in human history in almost every generation and is recurring in our own. There is nothing new about either the making or the effect of the atom-bomb; all that is novel is its particular manufacture and mechanism. Fools have been making the equivalent of atom-bombs for their own and others' destruction ever since the world began, and they have not only been instruments of war. Almost everything that man makes and does without reference to the all-comprehending natural or divine law and scheme of things (so much greater than man himself) results in his own ruin or destruction. When the great Coke of Norfolk—probably the most remarkable agricultural benefactor this country has known—was a very old man, he told his heir that the lesson he had learnt from his experience was always to work with nature and never against it, for the latter had always proved disastrous in the end. On a small scale I have learnt this lesson on my own little farm, where I began by optimistically ignoring, or letting others ignore, the peculiarities of the weather of the very peculiar—climatically speaking—corner of England where I farm. By suffering for our earlier arrogance in temporarily ignoring nature, we have come to realise, to our great advantage, how entirely we are in nature's hands and how essential it is to plan our activities to conform with instead of opposing her laws. It is a lesson I suppose no one can learn except by experience, for, intellectually, we are all fools, and for this reason the cleverest of us often the biggest fools of all. It is one of the drawbacks of an all-powerful national bureaucracy, and why I, like many others, so often find myself critical of its decrees that, instead of humbly observing nature at first hand, its directors are inclined to make sweeping and generalised plans that disregard nature, both human and otherwise, and then use the aggregate power with which they are invested to enforce their unrealistic and, in the long run, disastrous programmes. The parable of the Groundnuts Scheme is just as true and just as eternal as that of the Tower of Babel and the atom-bomb: it is all part, indeed, of the same parable.

For this reason it is, perhaps, the greatest of all the virtues of political freedom—real and, therefore, individual political freedom—such as exists in the United States and used to exist in this country so much more extensively than it does to-day—that, by giving greater power to the individual, it tends to base the policy of a nation on the individual's observation of nature's rules rather than on the dictator's or bureaucrat's arrogant and, therefore, unwise disregard of them. I was agreeably reminded of this the other day by a charming letter from an unknown correspondent who had been reading what I wrote on this page a few weeks ago about the wholesale destruction by the public authorities of this country of our natural heritage of forest-trees. The writer, who has given me permission to quote

what she wrote, is an Englishwoman, and her testimony of what is happening about trees in American cities seems to me both significant and heartening. "May I," she writes, "comment on your observation, 'I cannot speak for the Americans' attitude towards trees'? I can speak for the Americans' attitude, for I was immensely impressed with it during my first visit to the United States last summer. They care, deeply and consciously and practically, about their trees; so much so that this American awareness of trees was the first thing to push through the almost stupefying effect of a thousand new and sometimes indigestible impressions. And it has remained a lasting impression. I was for ever, and I am still, remarking on it.

"Driving over vast distances, up into New England, down into Virginia, or through the Alleghenies deep into the Middle West of Missouri and Illinois, I was struck everywhere with the fact that big cities and small towns alike were planted with trees growing up with the town, so that every street was a boulevard and every vista green. St. Louis particularly I love to remember. I paid many visits to that beautiful city on its huge river, and the outstanding impression of its busy, thriving streets was of trees, everywhere. Yet even so, I was amazed when I looked down one evening from the top of one of the taller buildings. I expected a remarkable view of a huge industrial city; what I saw was a sea of green stretching for miles, with hospitals and office-blocks sticking up here and there like rocks out of green waters. I couldn't help thinking that Manchester and Bradford and Birmingham, and even London itself, would give a very sorry showing beside St. Louis. We could have done it so easily when we built our cities, just as the Americans did and are still doing in the new small towns of the Middle West. But our pioneers of the Industrial Revolution were too greedy. Now there's no room; and no time; and no money"—and, I would add, no love and therefore no care.

"Over there they all mind so much. I stayed for three months in a town in the centre of Missouri, enduring with them last summer's terrible heat and the disaster of the appalling 'drouth' (lovely old word, still, like 'gotten' and 'I had as lief,' in common use across the Atlantic, I found). Supplications for rain were on everyone's lips all those weeks, for the cattle and crops certainly, but also, in country clubs and living-rooms and kitchens, for the trees. My host, a busy surgeon, came home each evening and walked round his land with grief in his eyes, looking at his young walnuts and willows, which he planted with such care when he built his house some few years ago. Whenever he could he returned early, about five o'clock, and in this hottest part of the Middle West day, he would toil unremittingly, running lengths of hose from the well to each wilting tree in turn, where pipes were sunk in the baked earth to carry the water down to the parched roots. And when the rain came, as it did twice with Hollywood

ferocity while I was there, he went out and stood in the downpour the whole length of the storm, sharing, I am sure, in the thankfulness of his trees and the whole land."

I have read little in the last few months that has given me as much pleasure as this generous and perceptive traveller's tribute to the good sense of the American individual and of the individual American municipality. One only wishes that the United States could import this particular form of "the American way of life" to this country and make our own citizens and city fathers a little more conscious of what nature so generously offers them and of which their own forefathers made in our lovelier past such good use.

MYXOMATOSIS IN THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE: A VIVID DESCRIPTION BY A READER.

IN our issue of August 14 we published a map showing the incidence of the rabbit plague, Myxomatosis, in England and Wales, and a few days later received from a reader of this paper the following description of the appalling results of this disease in the Isle of Wight:

Moorlands,
St. Helens,
Isle of Wight.

August 15, 1954.

DEAR SIR,

Your map of Great Britain, showing the areas infected by this appalling rabbit plague, in last week's "Illustrated London News," must fill with horror the minds of all decent people.

Here in the Isle of Wight we have had a miserable summer—miserable because of the weather and made more miserable still by the hideous plight of our rabbits infected with this ghastly disease.

My evening walk with my dog, which we both look forward to each day, is now a nightmare.

I love all animals, and to see the suffering of the rabbits and to have to end it myself breaks my heart anew every time.

Up on the Downs, a favourite haunt of summer visitors, picnics are now impossible because strewn everywhere are the distorted corpses of countless rabbits and worse, those that are still living. Who could possibly appreciate the magnificent views from the tops of Brading, Asheys and Bembridge Downs or enjoy a picnic-tea amongst such misery?

To-night I met two small boys—both near to tears—standing beside a small rabbit crouching in the grass in a dying condition. One boy had drawn his sheath-knife but could not use it; my husband came to the rescue and killed the rabbit at once, but the incident, naturally, upset us all.

I hope that your magnificent paper will give all the help and support it can to combat this frightful disease, defend the helpless victims and make the deliberate spreading of this disease illegal as quickly as possible.

When I was in Australia in 1951 the Australian papers were full of the horror of Myxomatosis; it was being spread artificially in the Murray River area and, according to the headlines of the papers, was also affecting kangaroos and other wild animals. . . .

I can not believe that the rotting carcasses of all these poor little victims of Myxomatosis can be healthy lying as they are all over the downs, the fields, the golf-links, in the ditches and hedges and in the woods and copses.

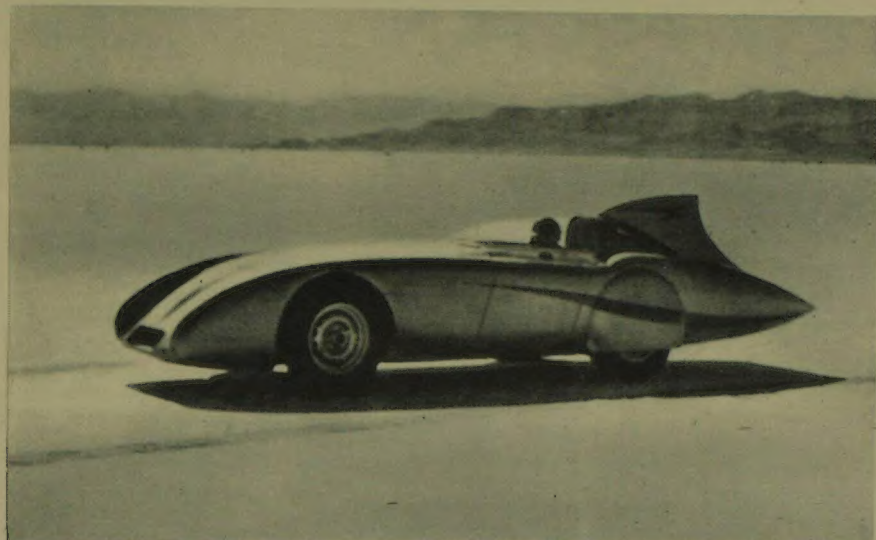
Isn't modern life hideous enough without inflicting this ghastly suffering on defenceless creatures?

A few weeks ago I was bewailing the fact that my lupins and stocks had all been eaten by the rabbits—now my garden is free of the rabbits and my stocks in full flower, while rows of lettuces and carrots meet my eye, but my heart is full of misery and I feel completely sick and would willingly give up all my flowers and vegetables for the sight of the young rabbits that used to dance with such gay abandon each evening on my lawn.

Yours truly,
SHEILA WHEBLE.

Since the publication of our map, new outbreaks of the disease have been reported in the following counties: Durham, Cumberland, Yorkshire (East Riding), Lincolnshire (Holland), Montgomery, Glamorgan, Aberdeen, Inverness, Fife and Forfar. Cases have also been reported in the Isle of Man and in Northern Ireland.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: THE FAILURE OF THE E.D.C. TALKS, AND OTHER ITEMS.



AT THE WHEEL OF HIS RECORD-BREAKING *AUSTIN-HEALEY*: MR. DONALD HEALEY, THE BRITISH CAR-DESIGNER AND RACING DRIVER, ON THE SALT FLATS IN UTAH. Mr. Donald Healey has been setting up new records with his *Austin-Healey* cars on the Bonneville salt flats in Utah, U.S.A. On August 22, driving his 100A production sports car, he broke international class D 2,000 to 3,000 c.c. records for distances from 5 kilometres to 10 miles.



DESIGNED FOR ANTI-SUBMARINE WARFARE: A U.S. NAVY HELICOPTER XHSL-1 WITH ITS SONAR DETECTION EQUIPMENT LOWERED DURING RECENT TESTS IN TEXAS. The U.S. Navy XHSL-1, a large tandem-rotored helicopter designed specifically for anti-submarine warfare, is now in quantity production. This photograph was taken during recent tests carried out near Fort Worth, Texas. The rotors can be folded to enable the helicopter to negotiate elevators in aircraft carriers and other types of ship.



DURING THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE ON THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY TREATY: M. MENDÈS-FRANCE (CENTRE), THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, WHO PROPOSED FAR-REACHING MODIFICATIONS TO THE E.D.C. TREATY.

The Six-Power Conference on the European Defence Community Treaty, which opened in Brussels on August 19, ended on August 22 with the publication of a communiqué admitting failure to agree on the modifications proposed by M. Mendès-France, the French Prime Minister. The delegates of the other five countries made every effort to reach a compromise with France, but found themselves unable to accept the

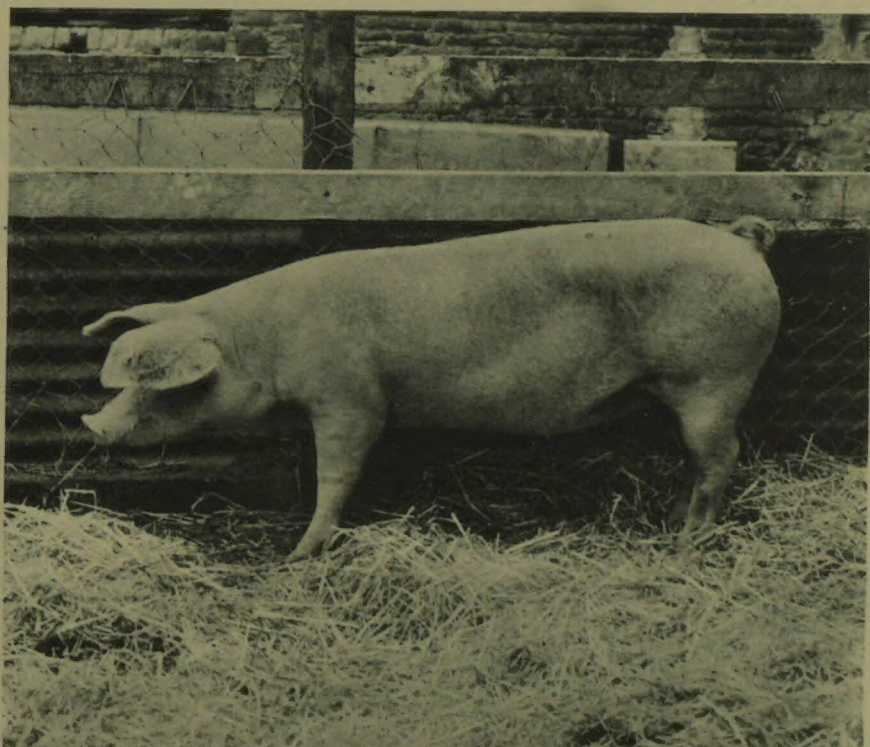


AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE IN BRUSSELS DURING ONE OF THE E.D.C. TREATY MEETINGS: DR. ADENAUER (CENTRE), THE FEDERAL GERMAN CHANCELLOR, WHO CONVERSED WITH M. MENDÈS-FRANCE AFTER THE FINAL SESSION ON AUGUST 22.

far-reaching modifications which M. Mendès-France said were necessary to induce the French National Assembly to ratify the European Defence Treaty. The French Prime Minister paid a flying visit to Britain on August 23 for talks with Sir Winston Churchill before returning to France to report to the French President, M. Coty, and to prepare for the debate which opens in the French Assembly on August 28.



READING HIS ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE 1954 COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE: SIR EVELYN BARING, GOVERNOR OF KENYA, IN NAIROBI. This year's conference of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association, which is being held in Kenya, was opened in Nairobi on August 21 by the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring. This year's chairman, Mr. Harold Holt, of Australia, can be seen sitting on Sir Evelyn's right. India refused to attend the conference, as it was being held in Kenya.



BOUGHT BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL TO FOUND A HERD OF PEDIGREE LANDRACE PIGS AT CHARTWELL: *HADHAM INGRID 2ND*, ONE OF THREE YOUNG GILTS. Sir Winston Churchill has decided to build up a pedigree Landrace herd. He has bought his foundation stock—a boar and three gilts—from Mr. Patrick Dolan, who owns the Hadham herd in Much Hadham, Hertfordshire. The Hadham herd is one of the oldest Landrace herds in the country.

HUMAN ENDEAVOUR AND DESTINY: A SURVEY OF WORLD EVENTS.



FILING TOWARDS THE VILLA AT SELLA DI VALSUGANA, WHERE SIGNOR DE GASPERI DIED: VILLAGERS ON THE WAY TO PAY THEIR LAST TRIBUTE.

Great men and humble villagers all paid tribute to the memory of Signor De Gasperi, the well-loved Christian Democrat Italian statesman, who died on August 19. Romans bade him farewell when the body lay in state in the Church of the Gesù before the State funeral on August 23; thousands of men and women, including many Alpine Guides, filed past when he lay in state at Trento; and villagers walked up to the villa where he died before the body was transferred to the Town Hall, Trento.



THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY'S VISIT TO THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA: A GROUP TAKEN ON THE STEPS OF THE PEACE HOTEL, PEKIN.

Our group shows, l. to r., front row, Mr. W. Burke, Chairman of the Labour Party; Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Mr. Clement Attlee, M.P., leader of the delegation; Mr. Chou-en-lai, Chinese Premier and Foreign Minister; Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., Vice-President of the Labour Party, and Mr. H. Franklin. Second row: Lord Lindsay of Birker, interpreter; Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party; Mr. Sam Watson, Mr. Harry Earnshaw and Mr. Chang Hsi-jo, head of the Chinese Institute of Foreign Affairs. The group includes other members of the Chinese Government; and Lady Lindsay, an interpreter daughter of Colonel Li Wen Chi. Mr. Chou-en-lai has expressed hopes of friendlier Sino-British relations.



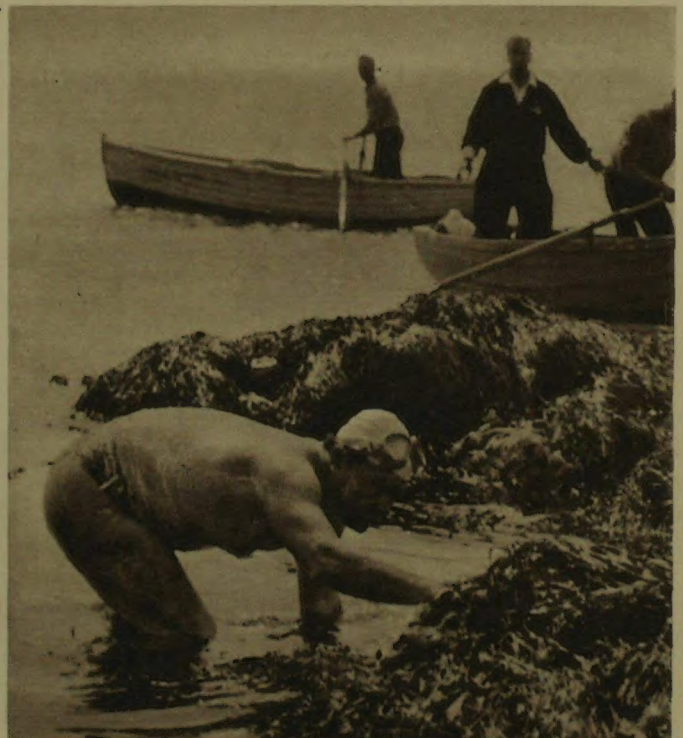
THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF M. MARCEL LOUBENS, THE SPELEOLOGIST WHO FELL TO HIS DEATH TWO YEARS AGO IN THE WESTERN PYRENEES: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY BEING BORNE AWAY. The body of M. Marcel Loubens, who fell to his death in 1952 in the Gouffre de la Pierre St. Martin, was on August 15 brought to the surface in an aluminium coffin which had been lowered to the bottom of the cavern. It was raised by winch from 1100 ft. below ground with great difficulty, being guided and assisted up the narrow chimney by the speleologists who had been M. Loubens' companions. The operation was carried out in very bad weather; and the men who worked the winch suffered greatly from the cold. Before the body was raised a priest was lowered, and said Mass in the deep cavern.



THE GIRLS WHO WON ONE OF THE HARDEST RACES EVER SAILED AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH CADET WEEK, AND WITH IT THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S TROPHY: THE MISSES FISCHER-WEBB. Conditions for Cadet Week at Burnham-on-Crouch might well have daunted experienced yachtsmen, but seventy boats came to the line for the start. Two Dutch girls, the Misses Fischer-Webb (Flushing S.C.), won the race in their *Fish-100*, and with it the Vice-President's trophy presented by Mr. P. Scott.



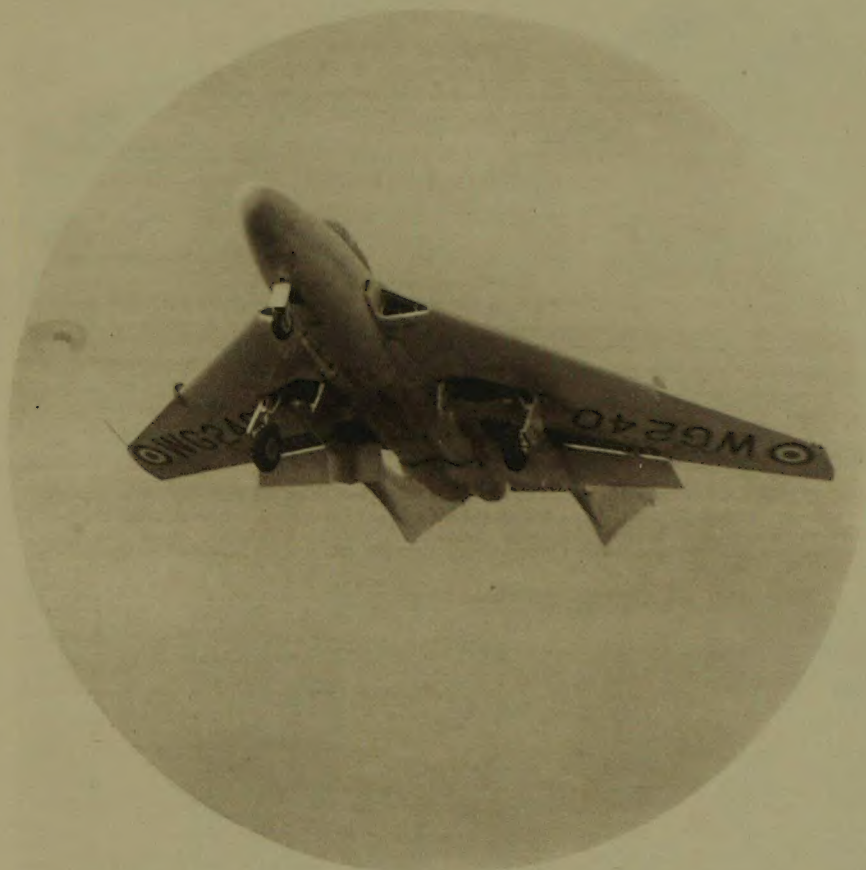
WITH OTHER COMPETITORS BEFORE LEAVING CAP GRIS NEZ: MISS BRENDA FISHER, OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHO CAME IN THIRD IN THE CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE, SEEN WITH OTHER COMPETITORS BEFORE THE RACE.



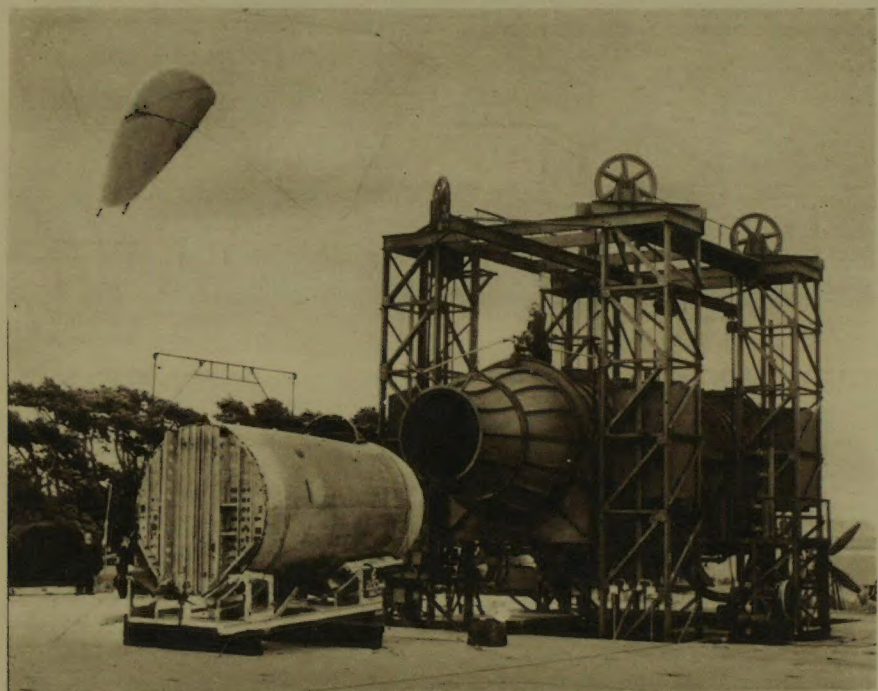
WINNER OF THE 1954 INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE: BAPTISTA PEREIRA, OF PORTUGAL, WADING ASHORE IN ENGLAND. Fifteen competitors took part in this year's international Cross-Channel swimming race on August 21. The winner was Baptista Pereira, champion swimmer of Portugal, who reached England in 12 hrs. 25 mins. An Egyptian, Marie Hassan Hammad, was second in 12 hrs. 49 mins., and Miss Brenda Fisher, of Great Britain, was the third person to wade ashore, 14 hrs. 36 mins. after leaving Cap Gris Nez.

TESTING THE FITNESS OF AIRCRAFT.

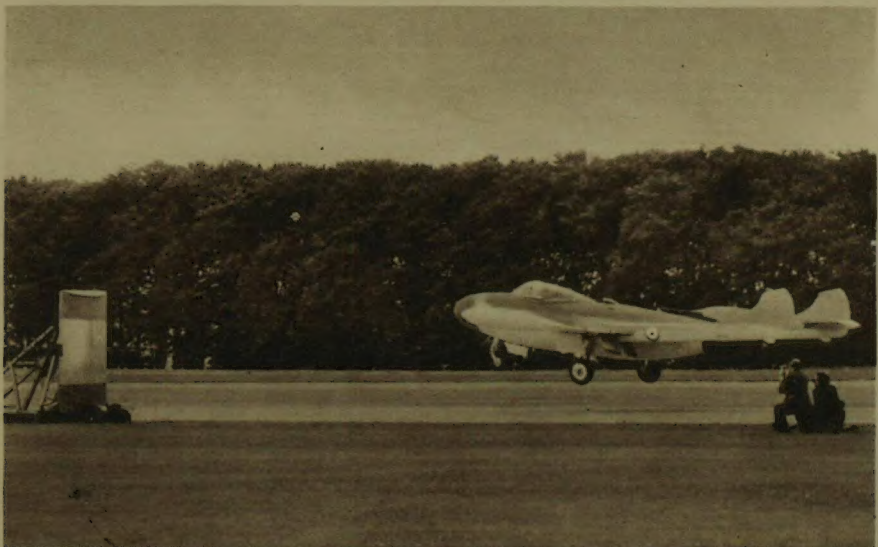
The Ministry of Supply's Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down, Wilts, hitherto so closely guarded, was opened to the Press for the first time on August 19 to reveal a glimpse of some of the tasks it performs in testing aircraft and equipment before sending them into service with the R.A.F. or Fleet Air Arm. When a new aircraft is sent to Boscombe Down it is first tested for its handling qualities to make sure it has no faults which might cause accidents when in squadron service. Safety devices, such as the hood-jettisoning mechanism, are also thoroughly tested, and a large blower has been erected for this purpose.—The de Havilland 110 fighter pictured below is a new aircraft in the process of being tested at Hatfield prior to service with the Fleet Air Arm. It is powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jet engines and is equipped with the latest electronic combat and navigational aids.



SEEN UNDERGOING TESTS AT HATFIELD: THE NEW DE HAVILLAND 110 TWO-SEAT DAY-AND-NIGHT ALL-WEATHER JET FIGHTER WHICH IS BEING DEVELOPED FOR THE FLEET AIR ARM.



CREATING ARTIFICIALLY A WIND VELOCITY OF 250 M.P.H. TO TEST THE HOOD-JETTISONING MECHANISM OF AN AIRCRAFT: A BLOWER AT THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY'S OFFICIAL TESTING CENTRE, BOSCOMBE DOWN, WILTS.



A D.H. VENOM FIGHTER OF THE ROYAL NAVY LANDING BY MIRROR—THE LANDING SYSTEM NOW USED IN AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS IN PLACE OF THE "BATSMAN"—AT BOSCOMBEDOWN EXPERIMENTAL ESTABLISHMENT.

SALVAGING THE MAILLÉ BREZÉ.



THE FRENCH DESTROYER MAILLÉ BREZÉ AS SHE WAS SHORTLY AFTER THE EXPLOSION WHICH SANK HER IN THE CLYDE OFF GREENOCK IN THE EARLY DAYS OF WORLD WAR II.



AFTER BEING LIFTED BODILY OUT OF THE MUDDY BED WHICH SHE HAD DUG FOR HERSELF DURING THE PAST FOURTEEN YEARS: THE MAILLÉ BREZÉ, WHICH WAS LATER DRAGGED ON TO A FIRM SANDBANK.



ON BOARD THE FRENCH DESTROYER MAILLÉ BREZÉ AFTER SHE HAD BEEN SALVED: ADMIRALTY SALVAGE OFFICERS AND MEN LOOKING AT THE TWISTED DECK WHERE THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED IN 1940.

On August 4 the Admiralty Salvage Organisation completed the first and most important of the final stages in salvaging the *Maillé Brezé*, a French destroyer which sank in the Clyde in 1940 with heavy loss of life after an explosion of ammunition as she lay off Greenock. The ship which, including the mud remaining inside her, weighed some 3500 tons, was lifted bodily out of the bed which she had dug for herself during the past fourteen years. By successive stages she has been brought closer inshore, and a fortnight after being raised she was carried 500 ft. and finally beached on a firm sandbank at Ardmore, near the Dunbartonshire shore. In charge of the operations, which followed nearly a year of preparatory work, was the Admiralty Chief Salvage Officer, Mr. Charles Black. The raising of the destroyer is regarded as one of the heaviest tidal lifts in the history of salvage.

THE CAMBERLEY CONFERENCE, AND NOTABLE DEFENCE INVENTIONS.



A RECOILLESS GUN MOUNTED ON A LIGHT MILITARY VEHICLE: A NEW AND EXTREMELY MOBILE WEAPON WITH WHICH AMERICAN TROOPS ARE TRAINING IN GERMANY. The 105-mm. (4'13 ins.) recoilless gun illustrated has been made extremely mobile by mounting it on a light military vehicle. One man is shown sighting a target through the telescopic lens during American Army training operations in Germany.



AFTER IT HAD OVERTURNED ON A NARROW BAVARIAN COUNTRY ROAD AND FALLEN DOWN AN EMBANKMENT: AN AMERICAN 280-MM. ATOMIC GUN WEIGHING 85 TONS. Military engineers worked for three days before successfully righting an American atomic gun which overturned on a Bavarian road, injuring four of the crew. The area was cordoned-off by U.S. Military Police; and a spotter aircraft overhead kept in touch with radio vans at the scene of the accident.



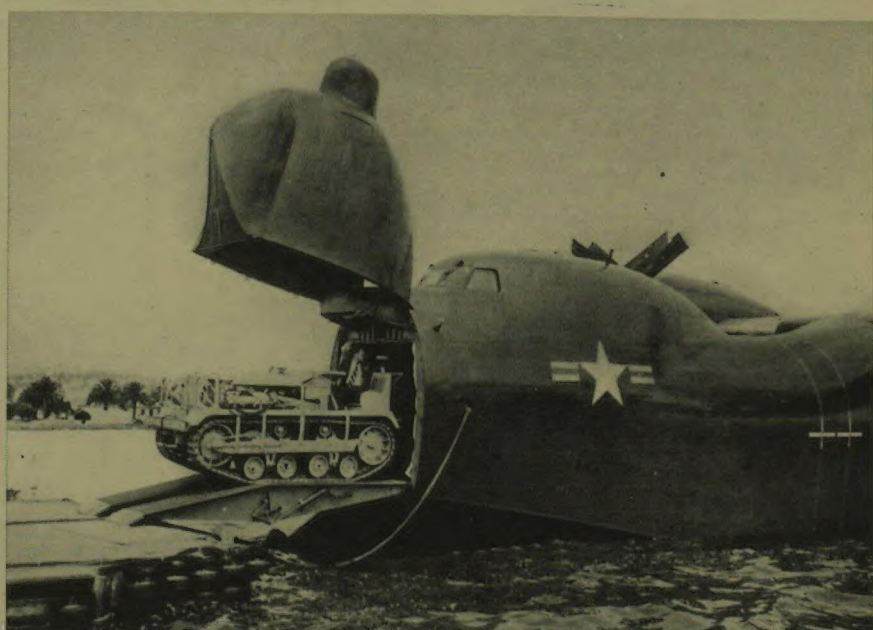
THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF'S ANNUAL EXERCISE AND CONFERENCE AT THE STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLEY: FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING AND SOME OF THE HIGH OFFICERS AND OFFICIALS WHO ATTENDED THE CONFERENCE.

The C.I.G.S.'s annual exercise and conference at the Staff College, Camberley, which closed on August 20, was attended by the Commanders-in-Chief of the British Army and the Commanders or Chiefs-of-Staff of the Commonwealth armies, with representatives of the Admiralty, the Air Force and other Ministries and military establishments (including the Scientific Adviser to the Army Council), concerned with Imperial Defence. Our group shows, from left to right, front row: Maj.-Gen. S. Carlake; Lt.-Gen. Sir Harold Redman; Gen. Mohd Ayub Khan, C-in-C., Pakistan; Gen. Sir Cameron G. C. Nicholson; Gen. Sir George W. E. J. Erskine; Lt.-Gen. C. L. de W. du Toit, C.G.S., South Africa; Gen. Sir Richard N. Gale; Lt.-Gen. Sir Sydney R. Rowell, C.G.S., Australia, who is retiring this year; Field Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S.; Lt.-Gen. G. G. Simonds, C.G.S., Canada; Mr. J. R. H. Hutchison; Gen. Sir Charles F. Keightley; Brig. L. W. Thornton, Senior Army Liaison Officer, New Zealand Army; Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, who represented the Air Ministry; Gen. Maharaj Shri Rajendrasinhji, C-in-C., India; Lt.-Gen. Sir Dudley Ward; Brig. F. S. Reid, a Commander, Ceylon Army. Second row, left to right,

Maj.-Gen. V. Boucher; Gen. Sir Charles F. Loewen; Lt.-Col. K. D. Taute; Lt.-Gen. Sir Lashmer G. Whistler; Rear-Admiral A. R. Pedder, who represented the Admiralty; Maj.-Gen. G. E. Prior-Palmer; Lt.-Gen. Sir Francis W. Festing; Mr. H. A. Sargeant; Maj.-Gen. G. S. Thompson; Maj.-Gen. W. A. Scott; Lt.-Gen. Herbert; Maj.-Gen. C. D. Packard; Maj.-Gen. E. H. W. Cobb. Third row, left to right: Brig. J. W. Harrison; Lt.-Gen. Sir Maurice S. Chilton; Lt.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey C. Evans; Col. A. M. Muttukumaru; Lt.-Gen. Mohd Azam Khan; Maj.-Gen. C. P. Jones; Lt.-Gen. Sir Euan A. B. Miller; Lt.-Gen. Sir John Eldridge, who represented the Ministry of Supply; Lt.-Gen. Sir Ernest E. Down; Lt.-Gen. Sir John D. Woodall; Gen. Sir E. C. Robert Mansergh; Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin B. Callander; and Maj.-Gen. W. G. H. Pike. Back row, left to right: Brig. P. H. Grobelaar; Mr. W. H. Gardner; Maj.-Gen. S. D. Verma; Air Vice-Marshal L. F. Sinclair, who represented the Air Ministry; Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin M. Barber; Lt.-Gen. Sir A. James H. Cassels; Maj.-Gen. J. H. N. Poett; Rear-Admiral W. K. Edden, and Brig. J. E. C. Pangman. Strategic problems, weapon development and Commonwealth co-operation "mechanics" were discussed.



SUGGESTING JONAH'S WHALE ON A VASTLY MAGNIFIED SCALE: THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW R.3Y-2 CONVAIR FLYING-BOAT DISGORGE A MARINE CORPS TRACTOR ON A FLOATING-DOCK. (R. Photo.) The new U.S. flying-boat, the Convair R.3Y-2, was recently tested in San Diego Bay. It has been designed to put troops, tanks and other military equipment directly ashore. It can carry 103 men or military equipment. The tests were made with a floating-dock, but it is stated that later the



OUTSIDE THE OPEN "MOUTH" OF THE NEW U.S. NAVY FLYING-BOAT WHICH CAN CARRY THEM ALL: 103 MARINES STANDING ON THE FLOATING-DOCK. (L. Photo.) aircraft will be able to land men and equipment directly on to sandy beaches; and that before the end of the year a fleet will be in operation. The flying boat, which resembles an immense whale, inevitably suggests a greatly magnified "Jonah's" whale.

MATTERS MARITIME AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD.



PERFORMING HER FIRST OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENT: EIGHT-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE OF DENMARK NAMING A NEW DANISH FERRY-BOAT *KONG FREDERIK IX*.



DENMARK'S BIGGEST FERRY-BOAT: *KONG FREDERIK IX*. SEEN AT ELSINORE SHIPYARD JUST AFTER THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY ON AUGUST 19.

On August 19, eight-year-old Princess Anne-Marie, the youngest daughter of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, performed her first official engagement when she named Denmark's biggest ferry-boat *Kong Frederik IX*. In our photograph (left), taken during the ceremony, the young Princess can be seen with her parents on the launching platform.



ONE LIFEBOAT LAUNCHING ANOTHER: THE GERMAN LIFE-SAVING VESSEL *BREMEN* SEEN LAUNCHING A SMALL MOTOR-BOAT DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION.

A new type of life-saving vessel, the *Bremen*, similar in design to several others which are now stationed along the German North Sea coast, was recently demonstrated. It carries a small lifeboat which can be launched complete with crew when need arises. The net over the front part of the *Bremen* is ready for those who have to abandon ship to jump into.



ARRIVING AT DEVONPORT AFTER TWO YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: H.M.S. *DARING*, WHICH PERFORMED EARTHQUAKE RESCUE WORK IN GREECE.

H.M.S. *Daring*, first of the *Daring* class ships to be commissioned, returned to her home port of Devonport on August 16, after two years' service with the Mediterranean Fleet. Last year *Daring* was one of the first ships of the Royal Navy to go to the earthquake-devastated Greek islands; she carried doctors, supplies, and rescue equipment from Malta.



SHOWING HER PACES DURING SPEED TRIALS OFF ARRAN: THE NEW 22,000-TON CUNARD LINER *SAXONIA*, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED BY LADY CHURCHILL.

The Cunard liner *Saxonia*, the first of three liners designed for service from the United Kingdom up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, has been undergoing speed trials off Arran, in Scotland. Our photograph shows

the liner, which was launched in February by Lady Churchill, from the air. *Saxonia*, built at the Clydebank shipyard of John Brown and Company, is due to sail to Canada on her maiden voyage on September 2.

"BOBS"—ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST SOLDIERS.

"THE LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS"; By DAVID JAMES.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN I was a schoolboy, Lord Roberts was a national hero. He was short, square, determined, and had bold blue eyes. He had won a V.C. during the Indian Mutiny; his only son had died winning a V.C. during the South African War; he had been called in to retrieve the situation in South Africa after the first disasters, and had captured Cronje bloodlessly at Paardeberg (after Kitchener had wasted blood on an attempted capture); he had taken Bloemfontein and Pretoria. And between those two events he had fought the battle of Peiwar Kotal, and marched on Kandahar. This life (the reader is recommended to read Roberts' own graphic book,



LORD ROBERTS ON Vonolet. (From a painting by Charles Wellington Furse, A.R.A., 1868-1904.)

In writing of Lord Roberts' grey Arab, Vonolet, Mr. James says: "This grand horse, which ranks with *Bucephalus*, *Copenhagen* and *Marengo* amongst famous chargers, was bought by Roberts... shortly after the Lushai campaign. . . . Although little bigger than a pony, Vonolet carried his master throughout the Afghan War and on the march from Kabul to Kandahar." In 1896 Queen Victoria directed that Vonolet should be given the Afghan War medals.

"Forty-one Years in India" gives vivid accounts of the Indian Wars and of the South African War. But more impressively it shows a man, a man honourable, truthful, upright and utterly brave, human and humane, reckless about his own life but careful about other people's lives: as good an Englishman (like many others, he was an Anglo-Irishman) as ever lived. It contains, also, critical examination of Roberts' strategy and tactics: always successful, though he took risks. His chief critic was a colonel whom he had not promoted. His greatest days were his last.

His last campaign waged, Roberts devoted the rest of his life first to Army Reform and then to Citizen Service—after all, an aspect of Army Reform. "Haldane," says Mr. Amery, "has so often been given the credit of creating the General Staff system which has seen us through two World Wars that Mr. James has done well to remind us how much was due not only to Esher and Arnold-Forster but, above all, to Roberts' own initiative." His plans, and his difficulties with politicians and bureaucrats are amply and lucidly described by Mr. James. The red tape was dreadfully illustrated by an obituarist who knew him: "Shortly after going to the War Office [as Commander-in-Chief] he was requested to keep a book and enter in it postage stamps issued to him £1 at a time. That brought him most nearly to the use of strong language that I ever experienced." As for the politicians, they were mostly hopeless. When he proposed (he was always on the side of the private soldier and the problem of recruiting was perennial) an increase of soldiers' pay and an improvement in barrack amenities, he was informed that the Army Estimates (during a war!) had risen in one year from £24,000,000 to £30,000,000, and that that had aroused vigorous protest from eminent politicians accompanied by sinister predictions as to the probable attitude of the public when they came to realise it. "I am quite convinced," added the Secretary of State, "that any further large addition to our Estimates would not only meet with vehement opposition in the Cabinet,

but would bring the Government into serious danger in the House of Commons." Issue after issue came up. On questions of discipline the Commander-in-Chief was constantly overruled by his civilian colleague. The War Office was stern to the point of ruthlessness. "I cannot," wrote Roberts, "bring myself to decide upon a case from a mere report, without knowing what the accused person has to say in his defence, which I find has frequently been done in the War Office. Only a few days ago I was asked by the Adjutant-General to sanction the supersession of an officer for some fault regarding the truth of which Sir Evelyn Wood said, enquiry would be made from the authorities in South Africa. I ordered that the enquiry should be made first." He was, he added, "accused of being too good-natured, and of taking too lenient a view of military offences." To this he replied that discipline had always been strictly maintained by him; and "as regards being too lenient, I would remind you that, during the eleven months I was commanding in South Africa, I got rid of 5 Generals of divisions for incompetency, 6 Brigadiers of Cavalry, and 11 out of the 17 commanding officers of Cavalry regiments, besides some half-a-dozen Infantry Colonels." St. John Brodrick (afterwards Lord Middleton) was Secretary of State: he also had his difficulties with Cabinet, House and public; he was neither a stupid nor an unenthusiastic man. More than fifty years after that time it must be almost impossible for anybody who did not live through it to realise the general mental atmosphere in this country. For nearly a century we had not been involved in a major war. There had been the Crimean "Incident" (as the Japanese might have called it), in which our small regular Army had performed heroic actions and died wholesale from cold and disease. There had been the Indian Mutiny, which had affected a small area of the sub-continent, which had demonstrated the loyalty of the Princes which had produced the dreadful Well of Cawnpore and the glorious Relief of Lucknow, and had, incidentally, brought a Victoria Cross to the young Lieutenant Roberts. There had been a few "incidents" on the Frontiers; and, more recently, there had been the Boer War, which gave an opportunity to British and Colonial volunteers to assist the Regular Army, which was tiresomely spun out by guerrillas, and which involved us in a few thousands killed in battle and many more thousands dead from enteric. But still, to the mass of the British public, and to many of their leaders, war was no longer a thing to be faced on a large scale, but a trivial and occasional interruption in the inevitable march towards universal peace and prosperity: not a recurrent Black Death but a Common Cold, casually contracted and easily got over.

So ignorant were even some classes of the population who ought to have known better, that when, as an old man, he devoted what might have been his leisure to touring the country haranguing huge audiences on the need for universal training for Home Service in view of the German menace, his own class largely regarded him as an amiable old eccentric and the rabble-rousers were quite abandoned in their abuse of him. *John Bull*, for instance (then under the editorship of the cynical criminal, Horatio Bottomley, who, when war actually came, was to become the most vehement, and rapacious, of patriots), addressed an Open Letter to him headed "A Dangerous Dolt." "With all the sordid selfishness of the professional soldier," it ran, "you are anxious that our generals shall cut a finer figure, enjoy the glory of larger retinues, prance about on parade-grounds in the presence of bloated battalions. Not satisfied with your garish uniforms and nodding plumes, medals, stars and tinkling titles, all the fripperies of a fop and all the ribands of a prize bullock you must needs seek to harness free Britons to the wheels of your triumphal car."

Such foulness must surely have hurt him at first sight, inured as he was to the swords of mutineers, the tongues of time-servers and the pens of traitors. But he had in him something even better than the Stoicism of Housman's: "Let us endure an hour, and see injustice done." He had crossed the resigned twilight land of Stoical acceptance into a sunnier, more

cheerful realm: he pasted such things in a scrap-book.

"A sound mind in a sound body" is an old and excellent prescription: "Bobs" (as he was universally known, among both British and Indian troops) retained, when old on paper, a young mind in a young body. After his retirement he urged the then C.I.G.S. to pay more attention to the war-potential of aircraft. The reply he got from his junior was on the sempiternal official lines: "As regards aeroplanes we maintain an open mind and hope not to be behind, but so far I am not quite convinced about their military value. To sustain themselves in the air they necessarily have to move at a very high speed, say from 30 to 40 miles an hour and I doubt whether a reconnaissance of value can be made at that speed. As regards dropping explosives with any attempt at accuracy, there is nothing to guide us in forming an opinion. Dirigible airships are of course in a different category and may perhaps be more formidable than aeroplanes." There is an extraordinary consistency about this record: from the moment he reached maturity, until his death, in uniform, in France, while revisiting his old Indian friends, he united the "savour" of age with the "pouvoir" of youth.

Tennyson wrote about the first Duke of Wellington:

Whatever record leaps to light
He never shall be shamed.

Roberts, in this quiet, but consummate, book is revealed as another soldier of the same mettle. Amongst the "tinkling titles" (to use the popular swindler Bottomley's phrase) which Roberts accumulated, were the K.G., the V.C. and the O.M.—a trio which no other man has yet achieved. In Wellington's day only one of these three adornments was available: had they all been available to the Duke he would have accepted them all, with an elegant nod of gratitude, but without conceit, and proceeded to serve his country, and assist her civilising mission, without the lift of an eyebrow.

Had Roberts become a centenarian he would have found himself once more in the old predicament: facing countrymen who are first-class fighting men when war comes to their doorsteps, but who, when



MR. DAVID JAMES, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. David James, who was born in 1919 and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, served for a year in the four-masted Finnish barque *Viking* and took part in the Australian grain race, 1937-38. During the war he served with the R.N.V.R. Coastal Forces. He was a member of the Falkland Islands Dependency Survey Expedition to the Antarctic, 1945-46.



"DRESSED VERY SIMPLY IN KHAKI, WITH HIS KANDAHAR SWORD BUT NO BADGES OF RANK, ROBERTS WALKED OUT ALONE TO MEET CRONJE AS HE RODE INTO THE BRITISH LINES ON HIS WHITE PONY ESCORTED BY MAJOR-GENERAL PRETYMAN": THE SURRENDER OF CRONJE AT PAARDEBERG, FEBRUARY 27, 1900.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Life of Lord Roberts"; by courtesy of the publishers, Hollis and Carter.

war is not actually "on," simply can't believe that any foreigner can be so foolish and wicked as actually to want a war. Had he lived until this date he would probably have been running around the country trying to get recruits for the Home Guard, with a side-glance at Civil Defence. "He's living in the past," the blasé critic would remark, as of old; only to find, as of old, that he was facing facts, and living in the day. Our fellow-countrymen have excelled at many things: "Wishful thinking" is one of them.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 344 of this issue.

* "The Life of Lord Roberts." By David James. With a Foreword by the Right Honourable L. S. Amery, C.H. Illustrated. (Hollis and Carter; 30s.)



THE FIRST LAUNCHING OF A MERCHANT SHIP BY A BRITISH REIGNING SOVEREIGN: H.M. THE QUEEN PULLING THE LAUNCHING LEVER, AND THE CHAMPAGNE POURING OVER THE BOWS OF THE S.S. SOUTHERN CROSS, WHICH A SECOND OR TWO LATER MOVED SMOOTHLY DOWN THE SLIPWAY TO THE WATER.



AFTER THE LAUNCHING BY THE QUEEN: THE 20,000-TON PASSENGER LINER SOUTHERN CROSS, THE DESIGN OF WHICH HAS BEEN ACCLAIMED AS MARKING A NEW ERA IN OCEAN TRAVEL, HER ENGINES AND BOILERS WILL BE INSTALLED AFT AND SHE WILL CARRY NO CARGO.

LAUNCHED BY THE QUEEN IN BELFAST: THE S.S. SOUTHERN CROSS, A NEW PASSENGER LINER OF UNORTHODOX DESIGN.

On August 17 her Majesty the Queen flew from Scotland to Belfast, where she launched the Shaw Savill passenger liner *Southern Cross* from Harland and Wolff's shipyard. It was the first time that a merchant ship had been launched by a British reigning Sovereign, and the Queen received a great ovation when she arrived in the yard and, undeterred by heavy rain, climbed to the platform from which she named and launched the new vessel. At a luncheon which followed the launching the Queen thanked Sir Frederick Rebbeck, managing director of

Harland and Wolff, and Mr. Basil Sanderson, chairman of Shaw Savill, for two gold salvers and a decanter and glasses which were presented to her as a "souvenir which will be useful in the Royal yacht *Britannia*." The *Southern Cross* will be unique among modern passenger liners in two respects: her engines and boilers will be installed aft, as in an oil tanker, and all the available internal space will be devoted to passenger cabins and public rooms, for she will carry no cargo. The *Southern Cross* is expected to make her maiden voyage in the spring of 1955.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND HER UNMARRIED DAUGHTER AT HOME.



WEARING AN EVENING DRESS OF SILVER LAMÉ WITH A DIAMOND TIARA AND DIAMOND NECKLACE: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WAS TWENTY-FOUR ON AUGUST 21.



WEARING A DRESS OF WHITE ORGANZA WITH AN ALL-OVER FLORAL DESIGN IN VIOLET: PRINCESS MARGARET, IN THE MORNING ROOM AT CLARENCE HOUSE, WITH PIPPIN.



ROYAL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT HOME IN THEIR LONDON RESIDENCE, CLARENCE HOUSE.

These photographs of the Queen Mother and her unmarried daughter, Princess Margaret, were taken at Clarence House, their London home, for the occasion of the Princess's twenty-fourth birthday, on August 21. Both Royal ladies recently arrived at Balmoral to join the Queen on a Scottish holiday; and the Queen Mother has just visited her Castle of Mey, which will soon be ready



A GRACEFUL STUDY OF OUR BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS, SHOWING HER IN PROFILE: PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE MORNING ROOM AT CLARENCE HOUSE.

for occupation. Princess Margaret, who was a Counsellor of State during the Queen's absence on the Commonwealth Tour, is an important figure in the nation's public life and carries with grace and efficiency a heavy burden of official duties. Her social gifts are well known: she is a witty conversationalist and a good pianist.

Camera portraits by Cecil Beaton.



PRINCESS MARGARET — A BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN'S ONLY SISTER : HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT HOME IN CLARENCE HOUSE WITH HER PET SEALYHAM, *PIPPIN*.

H.R.H. Princess Margaret, only sister of her Majesty the Queen, was born on August 21, 1930, and thus celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday last week. Our photograph shows her with her Sealyham, *Pippin*. The Royal family—following a tradition that has come down from Stuart times—have always shown a great fondness for small pet dogs, but both the Queen and Princess Margaret have, in the past, been faithful to Welsh Corgis, so that a Sealyham is a

newcomer in the Royal circle. Princess Margaret, who recently paid a visit to Lord and Lady Glenconner, arrived in Balmoral on August 10 to join the Queen and other members of the Royal family on holiday, and spend her birthday in Scotland. During the summer Princess Margaret has travelled extensively on official duties in the United Kingdom; and in July she paid a visit to the British Forces in Germany, where she received a tremendously enthusiastic welcome.

Camera portrait by Cecil Beaton.



A PEACEFUL SCENE IN THE HEART OF CYPRUS, A BRITISH ISLAND IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: A CYPRIOT SHEPHERD PLAYING ON HIS PIPE.

CYPRUS—A BRITISH CROWN COLONY SINCE GREEK-SPEAKING INHABITANTS



MINDING HIS FLOCK OF BLACK-FACED SHEEP: A SHEPHERD AT XEROS, A CYPRIOT VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

1925: SCENES ON THE ISLAND WHOSE SEEK UNION WITH GREECE.



SPINNING IN THE CYPRIOT FASHION: A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN PICTURESQUE DRESS FROM LEFKONIKO, A VILLAGE IN CYPRUS.



WORKING A HAND-MILL: TWO GIRLS FROM LAPITHOS. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT POURS IN THE GRAIN, WHILE THE OTHER GRINDS IT BY TURNING THE STONE.



AT THE PORT OF FAMAGUSTA, ON THE EAST COAST OF CYPRUS: A GIRL OFFERING PRESERVES.



TOASTING EACH OTHER WITH SWEET CYPRIOT WINE: TWO YOUNG VILLAGERS IN TRADITIONAL DRESS.



A COMMON SIGHT IN CYPRUS: A PEASANT RIDES HIS MULE WHILE HIS WIFE WALKS BESIDE HIM.



BAKING BREAD IN AN OPEN OVEN: A CYPRIOT HOUSEWIFE AND HER CHILD AT FAMAGUSTA.



IN THE VILLAGE OF LAPITHOS: THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE FEEDING THE HENS.



A SMILING GIRL FROM BRIKARFASO, WITH HER HOME-SPUN WAIVES ON HER HEAD.



IN KYRENIA, ON THE NORTH COAST: VILLAGERS DANCING A COUNTRY DANCE WHILE FOOD IS BEING PREPARED ON A CHARCOAL BRAZIER.



MAKING READY FOR A CYPRIOT WEDDING: FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF THE BRIDE PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE MATTRESS FOR THE MARRIAGE BED.



PREPARING THE WEDDING BREAKFAST: CYPRIOT WOMEN AROUND A LOW TABLE AND DRESSED IN TYPICAL PEASANT COSTUME.



REFRESHMENT AT A CYPRIOT WEDDING. THE BRIDE IS HELPING HERSELF TO A SPOONFUL OF APRICOT PRESERVES, WHILE THE GROOM LOOKS ON.

"Enosis"—union of Cyprus and Greece—the demand of the majority of the Greek-speaking inhabitants of the island, is as old as the British occupation of 1878; indeed, older. Although Cyprus has never belonged to Greece, no amount of argument will convince a people who speak the language and hold the religious faith of a particular race that they do not belong to that race. On the outbreak

of war with Turkey in 1914 Cyprus was formally annexed by Britain and since then the British Government have always resisted the demands for Enosis, although in 1915 it was offered spontaneously to, and refused by, King Constantine of Greece in return for alliance against the Germans. In 1925 Cyprus was granted the status of a Crown Colony. In 1948 a new constitution was proposed to the Cypriot

Consultative Assembly by Britain, but was rejected by Greek members, who subsequently withdrew from the Assembly, which was then dissolved, although the offer of a constitution still stood. On February 23 this year, Mr. Eden stated in the House of Commons that Britain "cannot agree to discuss the status of Cyprus." This was followed in June by the decision of the Greek Government to put the

whole question before the United Nations, and this appeal was formally submitted on August 20. The population of Cyprus as in June, 1952, is 497,970, of whom a fifth are Turks, who have always maintained an unwavering loyalty to the British. In April the Turkish Foreign Minister, Mr. Köprülü, stated that he did not think any change in the present status of Cyprus was desirable.

BETWEEN the years 1912 and 1949 Greece was engaged in six wars: First Balkan, Second Balkan, First World War, Greco-Turkish, Second World War, and the civil or "Bandit" War. Omitting early phases of the First and Second World Wars during which she was not a belligerent, the total length of the warfare is approximately seventeen years out of the thirty-seven. The Prime Minister, Field-Marshal Papagos, fought in all six wars, as a cavalry captain at the start and supreme commander at the finish. The wars in the Balkans and the two World Wars increased Greek territory, but the strain was very severe. The last two wars of the six involved heavy destruction, which is far from being completely repaired as yet. Even had there been no wars, Greece would have had to struggle for existence. Her industrial potential is limited. Though she has some valuable agricultural products, only one-fourth of the land is suited to cultivation, the rest being mountain and rock. Her general standard of living has always been low and is still.

One of her heaviest handicaps in the years following the last war was, however, almost as much political as economic. The impossibility of forming a strong and stable Government made continuity in planning and administration unattainable. The present Government is strong, and there seems no reason why it should not complete its full term. The most recent devaluation of the drachma had good results, though I will not venture on prophecy as to whether these will endure. The last Budget showed a surplus. This was secured only by rigid economy, including pruning of officials, which is, I presume, responsible for a certain rise in unemployment that has occurred. Possibly the reduction of the Army, discussed in my last article, will add to the trouble. Yet finances are healthier. Industrial production has risen by some 45 per cent. in eighteen months. Last year nearly 50,000,000 dollars were available from the United States as economic aid. Of this sum 21,000,000 came as a direct grant, the balance being funds already appropriated but not expended. There are 35,000,000 in what the Americans call "the pipeline" now.

The final aim of the Government is to make the country independent and able to stand upon its own feet. From what I have already said it will be clear that this project depends on political stability. It comprises a certain degree of industrialisation—less optimistic, I think, than planned by former Governments—and an advancement of agriculture planned with the object of producing the maximum nourishment from various animal stocks and crops. It is largely based on irrigation. Some progress has already been made in this respect, but actually, while I was in the country, three important new dams were inaugurated, which are expected to repay their very high cost in a relatively short time. Greece is generally an importer of grain, but not on a very big scale when crops are good, and fertilisers are now a bigger item than wheat in foreign exchange. Not all the effort, however, is being made by the Government. Private enterprise is taking its share.

An enormous boon to Greece has been the re-establishment of her foremost agricultural export, tobacco, in its old importance, or at least near to it. In our country the taste in cigarettes changed greatly during the First World War—I, who never smoke a Virginian cigarette if I can help it, would say that the taste was corrupted. The same thing occurred in Germany as a result of the Second World War, and Germany had between the wars been Greece's best customer. Now the Germans have bought again, with the result that tobacco has become the first export asset, tourism—an export of beauty, amenities, and pleasure—standing second, and currants third. So far as I know, this state of affairs may be expected to continue. The merchant marine furnishes a big invisible export. Greece is a "common carrier," and though a good deal of her shipping sails from home ports the majority of it never visits them.

In my former jottings I suggested that there existed allurements in Greece, above all in Athens, other than the monuments of classical ages. These latter, however, form the chief magnets which draw tourists to the country. Tourists require accommodation and reasonably good roads. The roads are still few, but the main ones are undergoing improvement on a large scale. Four years ago, when I was in Greece, practically all the hotels outside the capital were indifferent at best. I stayed at a delightful hotel, opened this year, at Delphi, ultra-modern in design

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

JOTTINGS ON GREECE (II.)*

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

and furnishing, without the usual boring eccentricities of ultra-modernity. The view from it was dazzlingly lovely, so unearthly that a companion, after gazing on it in silence, remarked: "But we must ask Oliver Messel not to overdo his effects." Others on these lines, though I believe rather less luxurious, have appeared or will shortly do so. For the moment, at all events, the prices are below those of Britain and far below those of France. For British tourists the problem is less the internal costs than the cost and length of the journey. You can have a very early breakfast in London and tea in Athens, but you will have spent quite a lot of money to get there.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE MANY ANCIENT RELICS OF PAST CIVILISATIONS TO BE FOUND IN CYPRUS: RUINS AT SALAMIS, IN THE BAY OF FAMAGUSTA, ON THE EAST COAST OF THE ISLAND. DEMANDS FOR THE UNIFICATION OF CYPRUS AND GREECE—ENOSIS—HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE GREEK-SPEAKING INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND FOR MANY YEARS.

The Greek word "Enosis," meaning unification, is a slogan employed by the Cypriot movement for the union of Cyprus and Greece. The movement has been made the subject of a crusade by the Greek Orthodox Church in Cyprus, under the leadership of the Church's young primate, Archbishop Makarios. It also has the blessing of the Communist Party. Most of the Greek-speaking islanders, totalling four-fifths of the population of 500,000, support Enosis. Cyprus has been a British possession since 1914, and a Crown Colony since 1925.



A PEACEFUL SCENE IN ONE OF CYPRUS'S ANCIENT TOWNS: THE SMALL SEAPORT OF KYRENIA, ON THE NORTH COAST OF THE ISLAND, AND IN OLDEN TIMES AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS.

Speaking about Enosis, the movement for the unification of Greece and Cyprus, during his visit to Athens, Captain Falls, in his article on this page, says "I have seen and heard it stated that resentment against the British over the dispute about Cyprus has made occasional appearances. I can only say that I myself saw no sign of it and have not been given any first-hand evidence of it."

Apart from Athens itself, dominated by the most famous of the masterpieces, the Parthenon on the sacred rock of the Acropolis, Delphi offers most to the visitor. Yet I suppose fifty visitors mount and explore the Acropolis for every one who reaches Delphi, 100 miles by a winding road—though it has nothing like the frightening hairpin bends of that to Mycenae. Like the Acropolis, but on a miniature scale, Delphi presents a whole assemblage of antiquities on the slope of Mount Parnassus: temple of Apollo, theatre, treasure-house of the Athenians. Most astonishing of all and reward for a stiff climb up a hot slope, is the stadium, surely the highest ever built. Even fit athletes must have needed a rest after reaching it before taking part in the competitions. One elderly lady had prudently hired a small donkey, led by a

Rhodes is lovely, but rather a show place and Poros lies just off the mainland. If I live long enough and can find an opportunity it is one of my ambitions to sail the open Aegean and pay visits to a number of its islands. I am told that, generally primitive though they are, such comforts as are necessary to advancing years are generally to be found in them. A big caique with an engine would perhaps be the ideal vessel, but it again would require some comforts. July would do well for such a cruise. For visits such as mine have been, however, I would recommend an earlier month, unless the visitor is indifferent to heat. I have no complaints to make myself against the Greek July, though I sometimes wished that it would cool off a little.

The friendliness and professional pride of the hotel-keeper and taverna-proprietor are traditional. More than once, on arriving at a seaside or country restaurant I was asked before ordering a meal to come and look at the fish and lamb and fruit and make my choice. A small boy, apparently in sole charge of a tiny inn where we stopped for drinks, sprinted a long way down the road to procure a few lemons because we had asked for them and he had none. At bigger places waiters made helpful suggestions. That, I am afraid, must bring me back to the main topic of my first article—Enosis. I have seen and heard it stated that resentment against the British over the dispute about Cyprus has made occasional appearances. I can only say that I myself saw no sign of it and have not been given any first-hand evidence of it. Yet the Athens Press has published some unfriendly articles and cartoons. I should by no means care to guarantee that the welcome given to the British, which has commonly been warmer than that given to any other nation, will maintain its warmth.

I can understand opposition to Enosis in our country, presumably based on military advice. What is to me incomprehensible is the attempt made in some quarters to persuade the British public that on the Greek side it is artificial and likely to wither away. I shall say nothing of the Cypriot side, because I know nothing of it but what I read in newspapers. I never spoke on the subject to a Greek who did not profess to take Enosis seriously. Can it be that they were all lying? Again, what would be the advantage in whipping up propaganda on a topic in which the country was not interested? It could not be guaranteed to better the prestige of Government or Greek Rally or Church, because the success of the agitation is not assured. I am prepared to believe that for a large number of people it is not of the first importance, but I am equally of the opinion that it would be a grave mistake to underrate it. I cannot analyse the motives of the Government, but my instinct is that it has felt itself forced to assume its present strong attitude. This attitude, it must be noted, is much more recent than the beginning of the agitation in Cyprus.

Greece is now a member of NATO, together with Turkey. By the time these words are read she will have signed a triple pact with Turkey and Yugoslavia, the former a hereditary enemy and for long years an occupier, the latter a traditional friend, temporarily separated from her by the events of the Second World War. It is also certain that the Greek Government has played the chief part in bringing this pact about. She has made considerable progress in recovering from the effects of the Second World War and the "Bandit" War. Yet she has a long way to go yet before attaining full economic stability, and some observers feel that the progress has not been as fast as it should have been. The reduction of the Army,

of which I spoke in my first article, is being brought about solely for financial reasons, and there must be some doubt whether she has at present the power to maintain it even on its lowered establishment. The re-housing programme seems to be lagging, especially in the remoter districts. People are no longer living in such camps as I saw in 1950, but many are not adequately housed.

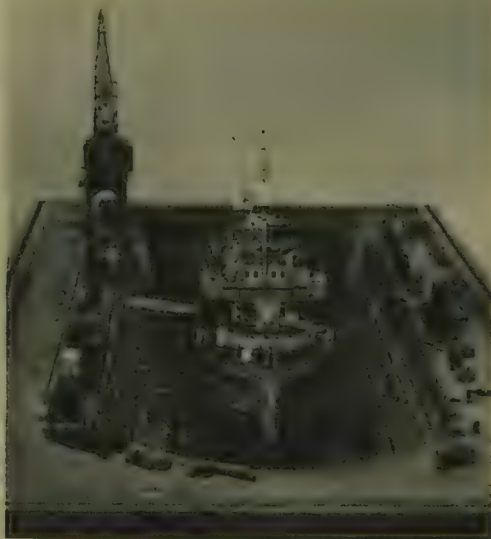
So I conclude my jottings, with a final apology for their random nature. The best feature I see in Greece to-day is in a sense a negative one; the absence of the cynical and disillusioned spirit to be found in a number of European countries to-day. Greece is spirited and resilient. People grumble vigorously, but they do not say that they "couldn't care less." That is at least one of the reasons why I found it so exhilarating to revisit the country.

* The first article on Greece by Captain Falls appeared in our issue of August 14.

AT THE 29TH MODEL ENGINEERING EXHIBITION HELD IN LONDON.



MADE AS A HOBBY BY P. A. RUMBLELOW: A SEINE AND RING-NET MOTOR-BOAT. ($\frac{1}{8}$ IN. TO 1 FT. SCALE.)



MADE BY F. W. CRUDASS: THE FLOWER CLASS COR-VETTE, H.M.S. ALISMA, IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD, 1941. (1-16TH IN. TO 1 FT. SCALE.)

DIVERSE AND INGENUOUS MODELS: OF INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD.



A SAILING MODEL BY H. D. ALDRIDGE, OF SOUTHEND: ALICE, A THAMES SPRITSAIL BARGE.



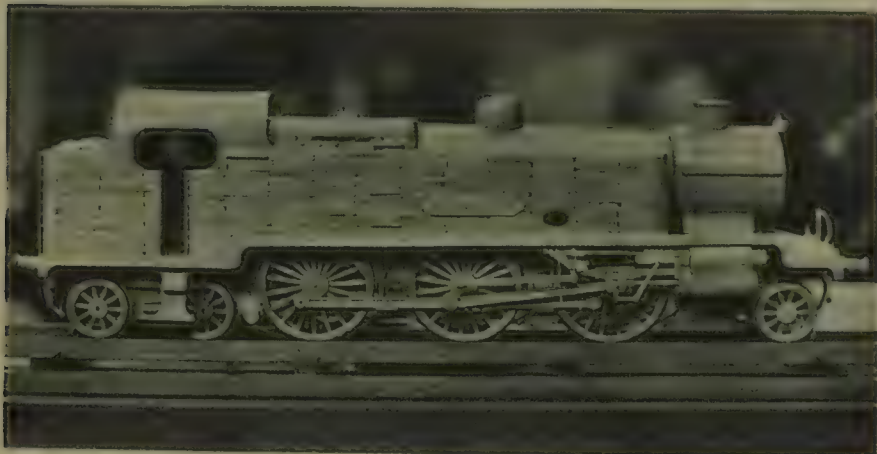
BELIEVED TO BE THE SMALLEST WORKING MODEL: A WHALE GUN ($\frac{1}{4}$ IN. SCALE), MADE BY W. C. GAY. THE HARPOON HAS FOUR BARBS.



AN INTRIGUING EXHIBIT: A MAN OPERATING A LATHE IN A BOTTLE, MADE BY N. D. BROOKES, OF LUTON.



THE BRITISH RECORD-HOLDER OF ITS CLASS: THE CREEP, A CONTROL-LINE SPEED MODEL, WITH 19-IN. WING-SPAN, MADE BY MR. R. GIBBS.



MADE FROM OVER 3000 MATCHES: A MODEL OF THE SOUTHERN REGION LOCOMOTIVE, RIVER AVON, MADE BY D. JAKES, OF AMERSHAM. THE WHEELS REVOLVE AND THE CONNECTING-RODS MOVE.



A MODEL OF A PROTOTYPE, SHOWING THE "WORKS" IN ALMOST MICROSCOPIC DETAIL: THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE, U.S.S. NAUTILUS, IN LONGITUDINAL CROSS-SECTION, MADE BY J. A. BRAIN, OF GLAMORGAN.



MADE FROM SCRAPPED PIECES OF WOOD: A SCALE MODEL OF HERSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, NOW THE HOME OF GREENWICH OBSERVATORY, MADE BY A. R. HORSLEY.



MACMILLAN'S BICYCLE: A $\frac{1}{4}$ -SCALE MODEL OF THE FIRST BICYCLE TO HAVE BACK-WHEEL DRIVE, MADE BY R. E. BROOK.



INTERESTING A YOUNG VISITOR: A GROUP OF FIVE MINIATURE STRINGED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS MADE BY V. H. WASHER, OF LONDON.

The 29th Model Engineering Exhibition, held in the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, from August 18 to 28, was opened by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. There were nearly 300 models on view, the highest number, apart from 1946, ever to be shown. As in previous years, a wide field was covered and the exhibits embraced all branches of engineering work, locomotives and railway stock, ships and aircraft of all types. The ages of the model-makers ranged from a man of eighty-five to a schoolboy of twelve. New features of this year's

Exhibition were a competition among previous prize-winners for the Duke of Edinburgh Challenge Trophy, and a competition for a Students' Cup for work by schools, engineering apprentices and students. One of the exhibits, which is shown on this page, was a model by Mr. J. A. Brain, of Glamorgan, of the United States Navy's atomic submarine *Nautilus*, which is still under construction in America. One of the locomotive models on view was made from match-sticks and was the patient work of Mr. D. Jakes, of Amersham.

THE ART OF E. AUBREY HUNT: A GIFTED AND ONCE JUSTLY FAMOUS PAINTER.



"SILVER SKY": A PLAGUE SCENE, BY E. AUBREY HUNT (1856-1922), A ONCE-FAMOUS PAINTER, WHOSE GIFTS AND CHARM SHOULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED OR FORGOTTEN TO-DAY.



"ON THE BEACH AT GRANVILLE, 1885": AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF E. AUBREY HUNT, WHO WAS BORN IN AMERICA, STUDIED IN PARIS, AND SETTLED IN ENGLAND.



"CAMELS": ONE OF THE PAINTINGS MADE BY E. AUBREY HUNT DURING HIS TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN MOROCCO, WHERE HE WORKED AS AN ARTIST.



"ON THE MARNE": ONE OF THE LANDSCAPES OF FRANCE BY E. AUBREY HUNT. HE STUDIED IN PARIS UNDER GEROME, AND PAINTED IN ITALY, FRANCE, BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.



"COWS BY THE OUSE": AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE, BY E. AUBREY HUNT, WHO WAS AN ASSOCIATE OF WHISTLER, AND AN IMPRESSIONIST OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.



"THE OUSE AT HEMMINGFORD GRAY": A PAINTING WHICH SHOWS E. AUBREY HUNT'S GREAT FEELING FOR THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. HE WAS SPECIALLY NOTED FOR HIS CLOUD PAINTING.

Our page of black-and-white illustrations of paintings by E. Aubrey Hunt (1856-1922) and the colour reproduction of his picture of a "Woman and Child on the Beach," on our facing page, are sufficient proof of the artist's claim to a more general remembrance and recognition than he appears to enjoy at present. E. Aubrey Hunt, R.B.A., was born at Weymouth, Mass., U.S.A., and left America at the age of seventeen for Europe. He studied in Paris under Gérôme, and came to London, where he had a studio at Blackheath. An Impressionist painter, he settled in England, and became an associate of Whistler. He lived for a time at Rye and was a neighbour of Henry James. He painted in Italy, France, Holland and Belgium, and in Italy discovered Sandow, the strong man, and painted him as

a Roman gladiator. In 1883, when returning from a visit to the United States of America, he was shipwrecked in the *City of Brussels* off Liverpool, and lost everything he had with him on board ship, including a large quantity of sketches. In 1891 he went to Morocco, where he remained for ten years, painting and also enjoying sport, and became a friend of the celebrated Raisuli. Much of E. Aubrey Hunt's best and most colourful work was done during these years in Morocco. He was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy and Paris Salon and held numerous one-man shows in London. The largest collection of his work in this country, where (as noted elsewhere) he is represented in the public galleries of Leeds and Leicester, is that given to the Burton Art Gallery, Bideford, by Mr. Coop.

"On the Beach at Granville," reproduced by courtesy of Walker's Galleries; the other works, which are on view in the Burton Art Gallery, Bideford, by courtesy of the Bideford Borough Council.

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.



"TESTING THE TEMPERATURE."

"WOMAN AND CHILD ON THE BEACH", BY E. AUBREY HUNT (1856-1922).

This charming painting is the work of the gifted but now almost forgotten artist E. Aubrey Hunt. He was born in Weymouth, Mass., U.S.A., studied in Paris, exhibited in the Royal Academy from 1881, and died at Hastings.

In this country he is represented by works in the public galleries of Leeds and Leicester and more particularly in the Burton Art Gallery, Bideford, which contains a collection bequeathed by Mr. Coop.

By Courtesy of Walker's Galleries.

SWITZERLAND, famous as a health and a holiday resort, an educational centre and a winter sports playground, is also one of the great European strongholds of democracy and freedom, whose historic struggle for independence is reflected in the *Landsgemeinde*, or Parliaments of the Cantons, which are still held once a year—on the last Sunday in April or the first Sunday in May—in the open air in a number of Cantons, like Unterwalden, Appenzell and Glarus; and whose picturesque aspect is illustrated by our colour photographs. The *Landsgemeinde* is the Parliament of the Canton. Every male citizen above the age of twenty who is in a position to exercise his rights

[Continued opposite.]



THE *LANDSGEMEINDE*, OR OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT, IN APPENZELL, CAPITAL OF INNER RHODEN, HALF-CANTON OF THE CANTON OF APPENZELL: THE SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE, SHOWING THE HUGE CONCOURSE OF CITIZENS EXPRESSING THEIR DECISION BY A SHOW OF HANDS.



WITH, IN THE FOREGROUND, STANDARD-BEARERS IN TRADITIONAL UNIFORMS, WITH ATTENDANT BOYS ALSO IN UNIFORM: A VIEW OF THE *LANDSGEMEINDE* IN APPENZELL, WITH OFFICIALS ON THE PLATFORM AND SPECTATORS GROUPED OUTSIDE THE AREA OF THE PARLIAMENT.

OUTDOOR "PARLIAMENTS" AT WHICH PEACEFUL CITIZENS CARRY SWORDS TO SYMBOLISE THE FREEDOM SO HARDLY WON BY THEIR ANCESTORS: THE PICTURESQUE *LANDSGEMEINDE* OF SWITZERLAND.

[Continued.] elect their Cantonal government, but they also decide by show of hands which laws and financial measures are to be adopted, and appoint the highest Cantonal judges. With the exception of the *Landsgemeinde* of Auser Rhoden, the Protestant half-Canton of Appenzell, held at Trogen, where more than 10,000 citizens take part in the assembly, free discussion is insisted on at Folk-Moots, and every citizen has the right to raise any

point for discussion and can mount the platform to make a speech. In Glarus schoolboys have the privilege of being accommodated in special seats from which to watch the ceremony, as it is felt that the young men will thus be nurtured and brought up in the national traditions of democratic government; but it is an offence for anyone who has not the right to vote to enter the meeting-place. Though only men over twenty years of age

[Continued.] These swords are family heirlooms, which pass from father to son. Some young men bring a bayonet, as all Swiss soldiers on the reserve have their weapon at home. The Swiss Confederation is the federal union of twenty-two states, and though the present constitution dates from May 29, 1874, the history of the Confederation goes back to August 1291, when the men of Uri, Schwyz, and Lower Unterwalden entered into a defensive league. In 1353, this league included eight members, and in 1513 the number had mounted to thirteen. In 1648 it became formally independent of the Holy Roman Empire. Though the Federal Assembly in Bern—the representative body of the people—

[Continued opposite.]



A PICTURESQUE PRELUDE TO A *LANDSGEMEINDE*, IN THE APPENZELL COUNTRY: OFFICIALS IN MEDIEVAL COSTUMES PARADING THE STREETS TO CALL MALE INHABITANTS OF TROGEN, ON THE FOOTHILLS OF THE GABRIS, TO THE OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT.

[Continued.] is the legislative power, which also appoints the Federal Council, the twenty-two Cantons are not mere districts: they are *de facto* genuine states, each with its own constitution and its own legislative power and executive bodies. Swiss citizenship is communal, as every Swiss has a home Commune, and in order to obtain Swiss citizenship an applicant has first to find a Commune willing to admit him. Then, and only then, can he apply to the Confederation. After reaching the age of twenty every male Swiss becomes an active member of his Commune, obtains the right to vote in all Communal, Cantonal and Federal affairs, and can himself become elected. The *Landsgemeinde*, or Folk-Moot, not only

[Continued below, left.]



VOTING BY A SHOW OF HANDS: CITIZENS OF APPENZELL WHO CARRY SWORDS TO THE *LANDSGEMEINDE* AS A SYMBOL OF THE HARD-WON FREEDOM FOR WHICH THEIR ANCESTORS FOUGHT MANY CENTURIES AGO. THE SWORDS, IN MOST CASES, ARE FAMILY HEIRLOOMS.

are entitled to take part in the ceremony of the *Landsgemeinde*, women and children may watch proceedings from outside the boundary of the meeting-place. As it is the custom for them to wear their traditional and beautiful Appenzeller costumes for these occasions, they form a colourful and decorative group. In this connection it may be remembered that the region of Appenzell is widely celebrated for the fine embroidery and lace work done by the

Colour photographs by Felix H. Mann.

[Continued.] as a citizen is an "M.P. of his Canton." The attendance at this open-air parliament is not a privilege, but a duty, and fines are imposed for abstention, varying in size in the different Cantons. The origin of the *Landsgemeinde* dates back to the fourteenth century, when the people of the Glarus met for the first time under the open sky to make their own laws, during a time when they were still struggling for their independence and the acknowledgment of their democracy. It is in memory of the battles which had to be won to gain it that the men of Appenzell, until to-day, carry a sword to the open-air parliaments as a symbol of their hard-won freedom.

[Continued below, centre.]

women. The town of Appenzell contains some interesting buildings, including the Church of St. Mauritius, which has a late Gothic crypt, tower and fine stained glass, and a Town Hall built in 1555-1565, with ancient frescoes in its Council Hall. The singing for the *Landsgemeinde* in Trogen is particularly fine. The town commands views of the Lake of Constance, and its Rococo Church is worthy of note.

THE BLACK PRINCE'S FUNERAL "ACHIEVEMENTS": 600-YEAR-OLD ORIGINALS, AND COPIES.



MADE IN THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK WITH CONSUMMATE SKILL: THE COPY OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S *JUPON*, STUFFED AND QUILTED IN VERTICAL LINES AND EMBROIDERED IN GOLD WITH THE LILIES OF FRANCE AND THE LEOPARDS OF ENGLAND.



LINED WITH SOFT DOESKIN AND STITCHED EXACTLY AS THE ORIGINAL BY THE MOTHER OF ONE OF THE TOWER STAFF: THE COPIES OF THE GAUNTLETS IN COPPER-GILT.



CARRIED OUT, LIKE ALL THE OTHER METALWORK, IN THE TOWER WORKSHOP BY THE MOST EXPERT CRAFTSMEN: THE COPY OF THE SCABBARD, SHOWING THE JEWEL-LIKE BOSSES IT BEARS.



THE BLACK PRINCE'S ORIGINAL HELM, CAP OF MAINTENANCE, LION CREST, SHIELD BEARING HERALDIC CHARGES, SCABBARD AND GAUNTLETS.

In our issue of July 3 we gave monochrome illustrations of the copies of the Black Prince's Funeral "Achievements" made in the workshop of the Tower of London Armouries and the Royal School of Needlework, and presented by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral to the Dean and Chapter to replace the original "Achievements" which have hung over the Black Prince's tomb since his death in 1376; and are now too fragile to support further cleaning or repair. On this page we give colour photographs of the copies and of some of the originals. The work of making the copies began in 1952, and Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, points out that the same materials as those used in the Middle Ages, and the same processes, whenever possible, were employed in the work. The results are a triumph for British skill



THE COPIES OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S HELM, CAP OF MAINTENANCE, SPIRITED CREST OF A LION *STATANT*, SHIELD, GAUNTLETS AND SCABBARD.

and craftsmanship, and look magnificent now in place hanging over the tomb. The originals are being placed under glass near by. Sir James Mann pointed out in a letter to "The Times" that it was at first intended to make the shield true as the original must have been, but this would have involved altering the placing or patterning of the charges. So the copy was made the same shape as the old shield now is. The original labels for cadency no longer exist, but their form was plotted, in the case of the *jupon*, by the line of stitch-holes through which it had been applied which were still visible; and, in the case of the shield, by the holes made by the tacks which held it. The tail of the lion crest is, as the original was, plugged into the rump of the animal with a wooden dowel which makes it stand out stiffly.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A SHEET OF ORNAMENTAL WATER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN writing recently about "Sink Gardens—With A Difference" (July 3) I told of two variants on the sink garden theme—a sink bog-

garden, and a sink rock-garden, planted with a collection of many kinds of Sedums—stoncrops—or of house-leeks, Sempervivums. Alternatively there could be a collection of mixed house-leeks and stoncrops. One great advantage of planting with nothing but these hardy succulents is that they are not only capable of giving a very picturesque and colourful effect, but they need no attention other than occasional weeding. Watering is quite unnecessary. In fact, the hotter and drier the summer, and the less rain or can-watering they get, the better they like it, and the better the foliage will colour up. A sink rock-garden, on the other hand, planted with a conventional collection of alpine plants, and left unwatered for any great length of summertime, would bitterly resent such neglect, and would not hesitate to show very plainly what it felt in the matter.

Since writing that article I have met, in a friend's garden, a type of sink garden which was new to me, and which put all sorts of jolly ideas into my head. It was a miniature water-garden, a pond, a lake, or, in the language of the house and estate agents, a "sheet of ornamental water." The old stone sink which contained this lake was perhaps 3 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, and 4 or 5 ins. deep, and floating on the surface of the water were white water-lilies, with flowers no larger than half-crowns, and tiny floating leaves to match. They gave an exact reproduction of the common white water-lily, in miniature. The name of this enchanting pigmy is *Nymphaea pygmaea alba*. It is hardy, quite easy to grow, and reasonably easy to increase—by division in spring. It is said to set seeds freely which produce seedlings which flower the first year. There is another miniature water-lily, *Nymphaea pygmaea helvola*, with soft, primrose-yellow flowers which might also be grown in the sink water-garden.

One great charm about my friend's little lake was that it had not been over-planted. Only about a third of the surface was covered with *Nymphaea* leaves and flowers. The rest was water, which was as it should be with a water-garden. Too often one sees lily ponds, pools and tanks so over-planted and over-crowded that all the effect and charm of water is lost. They become a congested mass of leaves and flowers, so crowded that quite often they start pushing one another up out of the water, instead of floating upon the surface in their own natural restful way.

One cause of this trouble is planting too many lilies, and another is planting the wrong varieties. There are a great many different water-lilies to choose from: white-, yellow-, pink- or crimson-flowered, some of them rank and rampant growers, suitable only for lakes and large ponds, some of modest dimensions and so suitable for small ponds, pools and tanks, and lastly the tiny ones, like *Nymphaea pygmaea alba*, which are excellent for growing in tubs or in sink water-gardens. This last is also recommended for growing in a bowl, in 4 ins. of soil, in a sunny window, and the primrose-yellow, *N.p. helvola*, may also be grown in a bowl 1 ft. across and 6 ins. deep. As to the hardiness of *N. p. alba* it is said to be safe in a depth of 9 ins. of water.

Since seeing that very successful lakelet I have been looking out for a suitable sink or trough in which to start a sheet of ornamental water of my own. I am inclined to think that perhaps a stone trough might be better than a sink, for most sinks are on the shallow side. I would like a surface area of 3 or 4 or 5 ft. by 2 or 3 ft., and a depth of 1 ft., or, better still, 18 ins. Transport of such a trough can be quite a formidable matter. However, as long as I only have to stand around and direct operations I don't mind.

My ideas for a sink or trough water-garden have become slightly ambitious. In addition to growing the tiny water-lilies, which could be planted in shallow water at either end, I want to have some relatively deep water, 12 to 18 ins., with a few small fish—probably gold-fish—to add movement and extra life to the scene. These would harmonise quite well with the white and sulphur-yellow water-lilies. Gold-fish clash horribly with the red and crimson water-lilies, and it is quite astonishing how insensitive most gardeners are to this fact. If my trough is large enough to justify it, I would like to have a small bog garden at one end. This might lie several inches above water-level, and become the home of a few dwarf primulas and other bog and marsh plants.

The only suitably small water plant that I can think of for my lake, other than the two pigmy water-lilies, is a

tiny species of water hawthorn which I once managed to get sent from The Cape for my friend, the late Amos Perry. It was, in effect, like a minute form of the common water hawthorn, *Aponogelon distachyus*, with leaves only about an inch long, and flowers to match. I cannot with certainty remember its name, but rather think it was *Aponogelon*



GIVING AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE COMMON WHITE WATER-LILY IN MINIATURE: *NYMPHAEA PYGMAEA ALBA* SEEN GROWING IN A SMALL GARDEN POOL AND SHOWING HOW THIS ENCHANTING PYGMY COVERS ONLY PART OF THE SURFACE, LEAVING THE REST OF THE WATER CLEAR, WHICH IS, AS MR. ELLIOTT SAYS, "AS IT SHOULD BE WITH A WATER GARDEN."

angustifolius—which species, I see, is half-hardy. That, however, is a difficulty which could be got over.

In my friend's garden there is, in addition to the sink water-lily garden, another small water-garden, a deeper stone trough, planted with nothing but the ordinary water hawthorn. This, however, is less attractive than the lily pool, because the water is entirely hidden under a dense carpet of the oval, floating leaves. But it is a pleasant thing to have, on account of the curiously forked and bearded white flowers with their powerful hawthorn fragrance.

Another variety of "sink garden with a difference" which was suggested to me in the same friend's garden, was one with a simple outcrop of rocks, planted with half-hardy succulent plants, such as some of the *Echeverias* and the *Cotyledons*. The old *Echeveria secunda* or *Secunda glauca*, which was so much used in Victorian "bedding-out" schemes, is excellent for this purpose, and there are many other species and types with which one might experiment, and with which extremely beautiful and interesting plantings might be made. During recent years succulent plants, both hardy, half-hardy and tender, have become extremely popular, Cactus, *Cotyledons*, *Echeverias*, Aloes, etc., and fine exhibits of pot-grown specimens are often to be seen at the R.H.S. and other shows. Many florists' shops offer quite extensive selections, both as pot specimens and planted in pans as "desert gardens," for room cultivation. A selection of these plants, to taste, could be used in the planting of a permanent sink rock-garden. There would, however, be the question of winter protection. Such a sink garden might be wintered in a cold frame, or in a cool greenhouse, or the plants might be planted in it for the summer and then, in autumn, taken out, potted, and wintered under glass. The better way, however, would be to plant it permanently, so as to allow the plants to assume a really old-established look. But this would entail carrying the sink bodily to its winter quarters. Obviously another case for standing around and superintending.



NOT OVER-PLANTED AND OVER-CROWDED SO THAT ALL THE EFFECT AND CHARM IS LOST: A POOL IN THE GARDEN OF TINTINHULL HOUSE, IN SOMERSET, WHICH IS PLANTED IN PART WITH THE MINIATURE WATER-LILY *NYMPHAEA PYGMAEA ALBA*, DESCRIBED BY MR. ELLIOTT IN HIS ARTICLE. TINTINHULL HOUSE, A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE, IS NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST AND IS OPEN TO VIEW BETWEEN APRIL AND SEPTEMBER FROM THE HOURS OF 2 TO 6 P.M. ON WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAY AND SATURDAYS.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

ASSEMBLED IN EDINBURGH FOR THE EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL

FESTIVAL: MUSICIANS AND ACTORS OF MANY NATIONS.



MISS MATTIWILDA DOBBS, SOPRANO, TO BE HEARD IN OPERA. HER LIEDER RECITAL WAS FIXED FOR AUGUST 25.



MISS CONSTANCE SHACKLOCK, MEZZO-SOPRANO, A SOLOIST WITH THE HALLÉ AND THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRAS.



MISS ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF, SOPRANO, SOLOIST WITH THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA AND GIVING LIEDER RECITALS.



MISS EILEEN HERLIE, ACTRESS, APPEARING WITH MISS RUTH GORDON AND MR. SAM LEVENE IN "THE MATCHMAKER."



MISS RUTH GORDON, ACTRESS, APPEARING WITH MISS EILEEN HERLIE IN THORNTON WILDER'S "THE MATCHMAKER."



MISS SARI BARABAS, SOPRANO, A STAR OF THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA PRODUCTIONS OF ROSSINI, STRAUSS AND MOZART.



MISS LUCINE AMARA, WHO WILL SING THE NAME-PART IN THE RICHARD STRAUSS "ARIADNE AUF NAXOS."



MISS LILIANE BERTON, SOPRANO, WHO WILL BE HEARD AT THE *SOIRÉE OFFENBACH* ON SEPTEMBER 5 AT THE FREEMASON'S HALL.



THE KEHR STRING TRIO, MESSRS. GUNTHER KEHR, GEORG SCHMID AND LEO KOSCIELNY, GIVING CONCERTS ON SEPTEMBER 7 AND 8 AT THE FREEMASON'S HALL.



WITH MR. GERALD MOORE, THE ACCOMPANIST: MISS IRMGARD SEEFRIED, SOPRANO, WHO WILL GIVE LIEDER RECITALS—ONE WITH MR. SCHNEIDERMAN.



MISS NICOLE HENRIOT, PIANIST, SOLOIST WITH THE ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE LA RADIO-ÉMISSION FRANÇAISE, PARIS, AT THE CONCERT ARRANGED FOR AUGUST 29.



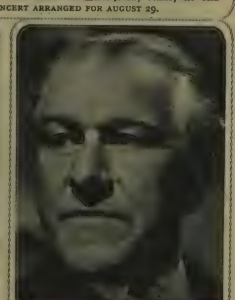
MR. HERBERT VON KARAJAN, WHO IS CONDUCTING THE PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA AT THE USHER HALL ON SEPTEMBER 6, 7 AND 8.



MR. GUIDO CANTELLI, CONDUCTING THE PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA AT CONCERTS ON SEPTEMBER 9, 10 AND 11.



MR. JOHN PRITCHARD, CONDUCTING "ARIADNE AUF NAXOS"; AND SOME PERFORMANCES OF "COSI FAN TUTTE."



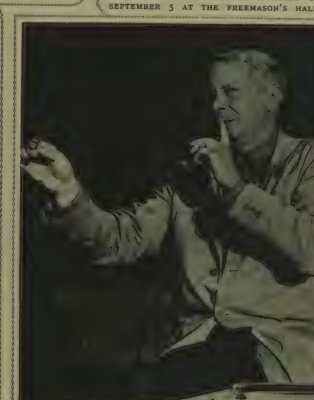
DR. REGINALD JACQUES, FOUNDER AND CONDUCTOR OF THE JACQUES ORCHESTRA, TO PLAY AT FREEMASON'S HALL.



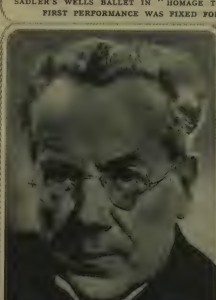
MISS MARGOT FONTEYN, BALLERINA, APPEARING WITH THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET IN "HOMAGE TO DIAGHILEV." THE FIRST PERFORMANCE WAS FIXED FOR AUGUST 23.



MISS MOIRA SHEARER, BALLERINA AND ACTRESS, TO APPEAR IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"; AND "SOLDIER'S TALE" BY IGOR STRAVINSKY.



MR. CHARLES MÜNCH, CONDUCTOR OF THE ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE LA RADIO-ÉMISSION, PARIS, WHO WERE DUE TO GIVE CONCERTS ON AUGUST 26, 27 AND TO-DAY, 28.



MR. KARL RANKL, CONDUCTOR OF THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA IN USHER HALL CONCERTS.



MR. RAYMOND AMADE, TENOR, SINGING AT THE *SOIRÉE OFFENBACH* AT THE FREEMASON'S HALL.



MR. JEAN MARTINON, CONDUCTING THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF GREAT BRITAIN TO-DAY, AUGUST 28.



SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI, CONDUCTING THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA AT THE USHER HALL ON SEPTEMBER 2 AND 3.

The Eighth Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama was due to open on August 22, according to established custom, with a Service of Praise in the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, which the Lord Provost, Magistrates and Council of the City of Edinburgh, Civic Heads of Scottish cities and representatives of all branches of national life, as well as Festival artists and visitors, arranged to attend. This is the fiftieth year of the *Entente Cordiale* and the traditional friendship between France and Scotland makes this anniversary of special interest; so prominence is being given to France's artistic

heritage in the Festival programme. France is sending "Le Comédie Française" Company to present "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and the *Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française* is being heard under the baton of Charles Münch; while the "Soirée Offenbach" will be another Gallic evening. An exhibition of the works of Cézanne, organized in collaboration with the Arts Council of Great Britain, is also one of the attractions. The operas to be given by the Glyndebourne Company are Strauss' "Ariadne auf Naxos" (revised version), Rossini's "Le Comte Ory" and Mozart's

"Cosi fan Tutte"; the Sadler's Wells Ballet will pay tribute to Serge Diaghilev with a programme of "Homage to Diaghilev"; and the Old Vic productions include "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Moira Shearer and Robert Helmman as Titania and Oberon. Miss Shearer is also appearing in an English version of Igor Stravinsky's "Soldier's Tale." Our photograph of Miss Margot Fonteyn shows her wearing the costume for "Le Tricorne" ("The Three-Cornered Hat"), one of the ballets to be presented in "Homage to Diaghilev." A large company of the finest musicians has

been assembled for the series of concerts which have been arranged for the Festival weeks, August 22 to September 11. The orchestras include the Statradifonien Orchestra, Copenhagen, the Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk Orchestra, Hamburg, the Hallé, Philharmonia, Scottish National, B.B.C. Scottish and National Youth Orchestras of Great Britain; and Edinburgh is being honoured by a three-days visit for the opening of the Festival of Prince Georg of Denmark and Princess Anne, who arranged to attend the service at St. Giles' and to see the Dress Rehearsal of the Tattoo.

"TREASURES FROM PERU" IN HOLLAND: RARE AND UNUSUAL WORKS OF ART.



A PAIR OF GOLD SANDALS, ONE CLEANED, THE OTHER AS IT WAS FOUND. POSSIBLY ELEVENTH CENTURY. INCA CULTURE: SOUTH COAST. [Lippisches Landesmuseum, Detmold.]



A WOOLLEN MASK, SIMILAR TO THOSE PLACED ON THE "FALSE HEAD" ON A MUMMY BUNDLE, AS EXPLAINED ON OUR FACING PAGE. [Lippisches Landesmuseum, Detmold.]



FRAGMENT OF TAPESTRY, WITH PUMA AND BIRD DESIGN, WHITE ON BLACK. COASTAL CULTURE. [Lippisches Landesmuseum, Detmold.]



JAR, DECORATED WITH PAINTED DESIGNS IN RELIEF; EARLY CHIMU CULTURE, POSSIBLY INFLUENCED BY COAST TIAHUANACO STYLE. [Museum voor Landen Volkenkunde, Rotterdam.]



A SLEEVELESS INCA SHIRT (PONCHO), WITH FEATHER MOSAIC. THE FEATHERS FOR THESE GARMENTS WERE OBTAINED FROM THE FOREST TRIBES. [Museum für Völkerkunde, Frankfurt.]



A FINE, ORANGE-COLOURED CLAY WATER-VESSEL IN THE FORM OF A CRAYFISH, WITH A STIRRUP SPOUT OF SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL RECTANGULAR FORM. LATE CHIMU CULTURE, INCA PERIOD. [Private collection.]



MAGNIFICENT DARK-GREEN POLISHED VESSEL IN THE FORM OF A PUMA. INCA, PROBABLY FROM CUZCO, WITH TRACES OF GOLD INCRUSTATION IN THE MOUTH AND REMNANTS OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL IN THE WHISKERS. [Private collection.]

The "Treasures from Peru" Exhibition at the Central Gallery, Utrecht, opened last week and will continue until October 31. It was organised by a committee consisting of the originator of the scheme, Professor Dr. van Dam, Director of the Spanish Institute at the University of Utrecht, Mrs. Guda E. G. van Giffen-Duyvis and Dr. M. E. Houtzager. A number of exceptional pieces, some never before shown publicly, are included in the display, whose high quality may be gauged by the illustrations on this and our facing page. The objects on view include

sculpture, goldwork, woodcarving, ceramics and textiles, among which are treasures from the little-known group which that great authority the late Dr. E. Gaffron presented to the German town of Detmold. The fact that no system of writing was known in Peru is one of the causes of the difficulties of dating early works of art from that country, for the "knot records" only served for statistical records; but the carbon-radio method has now been initiated for objects found in the Peruvian coast area, and this will undoubtedly verify or correct the "guess dates."

THE ANCIENT CULTURES OF PERU: A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION AT UTRECHT.



IN THE FORM OF A SLEEPING MAN, OR MORE PROBABLY OF A MUMMY: A CLAY VESSEL WITH STIRRUP SPOUT. MOCHICA CULTURE, 600 TO 900 A.D.
Lippisches Landesmuseum, Detmold.



COLLECTION OF MINIATURE BAGS OF TEXTILES IN DIFFERENT DESIGNS FOR HOLDING COCA, WHICH WAS CHEWED DURING STRENUOUS EXERCISE; PROBABLY OF INCA DATE.
Lippisches Landesmuseum, Detmold.



COLOURED IN BROWN, ON CREAM GROUND: A CLAY VESSEL IN THE FORM OF A KNEELING WARRIOR, WITH SHIELD AND CLUB. MOCHICA CULTURE, 600 TO 900 A.D. [Private collection.]



THE MUMMY OF A WOMAN, PROBABLY EARLY INCA DATE, THE GARMENTS KEPT IN PLACE BY NETTING, AND WITH PROVISIONS IN BAGS, A DISTAFF, AND A CHARM ON BREAST.
Museum für Völkerkunde, Hamburg.

An exhibition of outstanding interest, "Treasures from Peru," has been arranged at the Central Museum, Utrecht, and was due to have been opened by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands on August 20. The objects on view illustrate aspects of the old cultures of Peru, both that of the Incas and of peoples who preceded them, and have been lent for exhibition from private collections in Holland and other sources. A particularly important group comes from the Lippisches Landesmuseum, Detmold. These were from the noted collection of the late Dr. Eduard

Gaffron, whose wife was born in that West German town. The dating of many of the objects is uncertain, and presents great problems to archaeologists, but all are of deep interest, and most of exceedingly high artistic quality. It was the custom of these ancient peoples to wrap the fully-clothed mummies of the dead in coverings to form a bundle, which was surmounted by a kind of false head with a woollen mask in place of a face. The climatic conditions of Peru have insured the preservation of ancient textiles in a remarkable manner.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ITALIAN DRAWINGS AND FLEMISH PAINTING.*

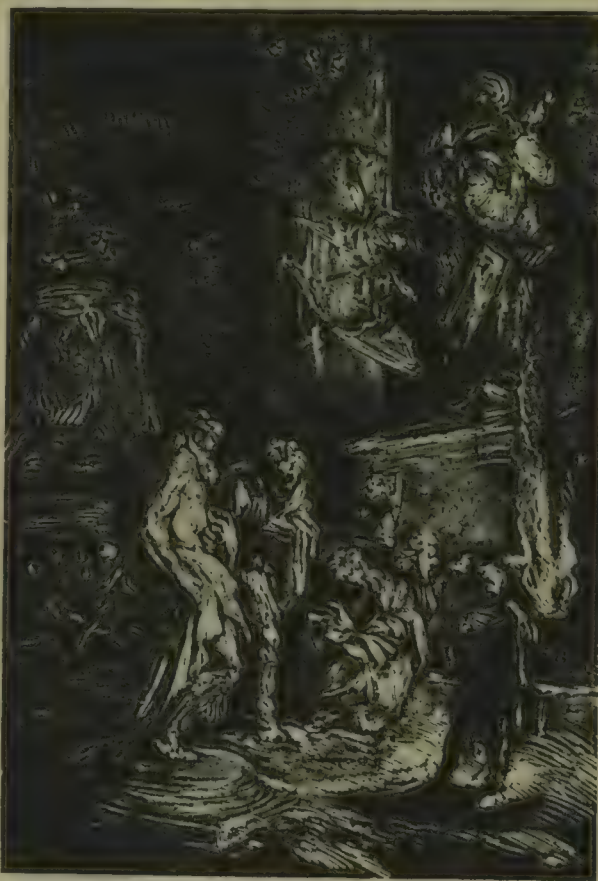
By FRANK DAVIS.

biographies there is no reference to such a visit, which would be a sufficient rarity to deserve mention, and the drawing itself, though more accurate than anything he could have found in books of travel, is in one important aspect at variance with the state of the site in the seventeenth century. Sandys, writing in about 1610, and Pietro della Valle in 1616, both state that only the head and neck of the Sphinx were

in which donkeys are loaded with pots and pans while the foreground is cluttered up with dogs, birds, and cattle. Later he worked in Rome and Mantua and evolved that fluent, dashing style which makes his drawings so lively. He was fond of a method peculiar to himself which Professor Blunt describes as the use of "a fairly coarsely ground pigment without any binding medium, mixing it with linseed oil, and using a lesser or greater quantity of oil, according as the paint was to be more or less opaque. . . . The origin of the method is unknown, but it seems to be a cheap version of the oil sketches on panel in which Rubens and Van Dyck specialised. Alternatively it can be regarded as a reminiscence of the oil sketches on paper which were so much favoured by Venetian painters of the sixteenth century and later by the Caracci and their followers. The principal difference between Castiglione's technique and those of his predecessors is that the latter seem always to use pigment already mixed with a binding medium." The other technique associated with his name is that known as monotype—that is, "taking a single pull from a metal plate on which the design has been drawn in printer's ink." Three of these monotypes are illustrated, one of them a Rembrandtesque head. Sometimes he would paint the design in black on white, sometimes he would cover the plate with ink and draw the design in it so that it would print white on black. The effect is one of great richness and subtlety. The production of the book is up to the standard we expect from Phaidon.

The other book on this week's list is a popularly written account of Flemish painting by Horace Shipp, but the author, whose choice of illustrations is judicious, has been badly served by the colour plates. This fault in the physical aspect of the book is compensated by what I think can be described as the author's brightness in conducting the reader through the complicated maze of several centuries with an acute eye for the historical background. To write an account of such a school of painting which will satisfy everyone is probably beyond the wit of man, and I dare say that some will find the book a trifle luscious, but its virtues are many, not least that of genuine enthusiasm. Moreover Mr. Shipp has some shrewd phrases which remain in the memory—this, for example, à propos of Philip of Spain's liking for the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch: "Probably that terrible-minded pietist king found in Bosch's strange imagination some echo of his own demon-haunted mind." Those of us who are enchanted by Bosch as a painter but think his monsters and demons childish silly are fortified in our opinion in these words—"Surrealists, psychoanalysts claim him for their causes, but Bosch is at once more subtle and more obvious than these contemporary fashions. He was purely a mediæval mystic . . ."—and it is suggested that the painter derived much of his ideas from the school established by the community of Flemish mystics known as "The Order of the Brethren of Life in Common" in his birthplace, Bois-le-Duc.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Drawings of G. B. Castiglione and Stefano della Bella at Windsor Castle"; by Anthony Blunt, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures. 87 Plates and 36 Text Illustrations. (The Phaidon Press; 50s.); and "The Flemish Masters," by Horace Shipp. 40 Plates, 24 in colour. (George Newnes; 25s.)



"TEMPORALIS ETERNITAS," A MONOTYPE BY G. B. CASTIGLIONE. SIGNED GIO. BENEDITUS CASTIGLIONE, 1645. "Castiglione seems to have been the inventor of the technique of monotype. The process consists essentially in taking a single pull from a metal plate on which the design has been drawn in printer's ink. . . . The technique was little taken up in his own time but has been widely used by artists since the 19th century."

visible above the sand, although Sandys points out that Pliny describes it as having a lion's body. It may therefore be that Stefano based his drawing on Pliny's description and used some other Sphinx as a model for the parts not visible in the seventeenth century."

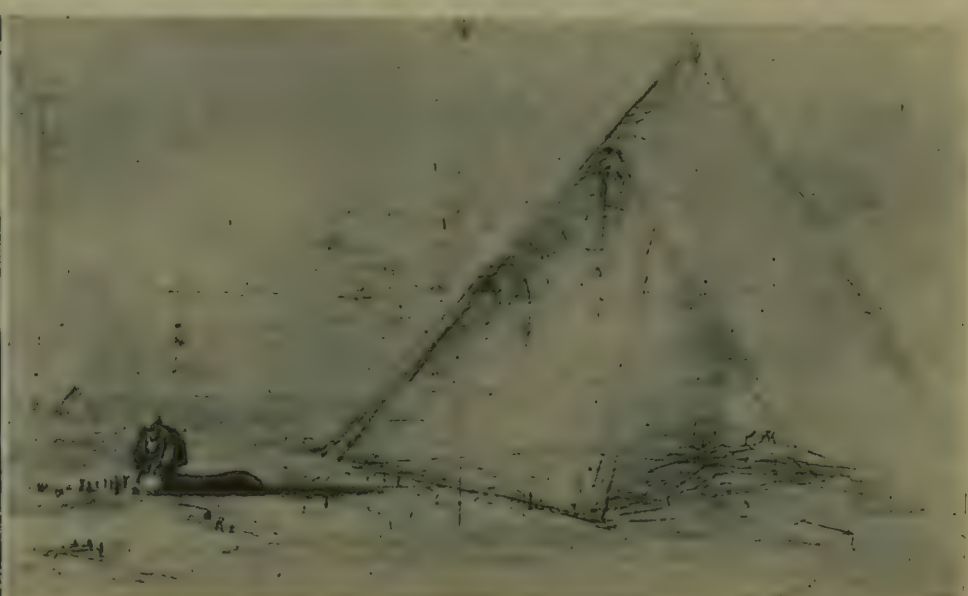
With Castiglione we are in the presence of a more striking personality, and the drawings at Windsor (which were bought by George III. in 1762 with the collection of Consul Smith) comprise more than half of those which have survived. He was born at Genoa, some say in 1616, while the author suggests 1600 as a more likely date. His early work in oils—some engaging examples are reproduced—seems to have been confined to a rather Flemish type of painting



"SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE"; BY GIOVANNI BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE (1600?-1670), A FREE ADAPTATION OF TITIAN'S PAINTING.

Orange-brown and greenish-brown oil paint, partly coloured in greenish-brown, crimson and blue.

In the catalogue this drawing is listed in a group of brush drawings all similar in technique which appear to belong to the early Rome period; but in a footnote Professor Blunt qualifies this arrangement with the words, "The freedom of the interpretation of Titian's design, the looseness of the forms, and the use of several colours, all indicate that this remarkable work was made fairly late in Castiglione's career."



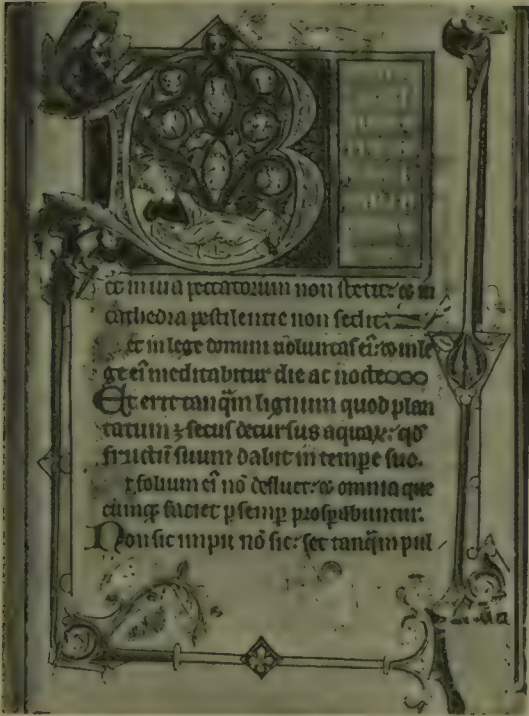
"THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMIDS"; BY STEFANO DELLA BELLA (1610-1664).

Black chalk, pen and bistre and grey wash.

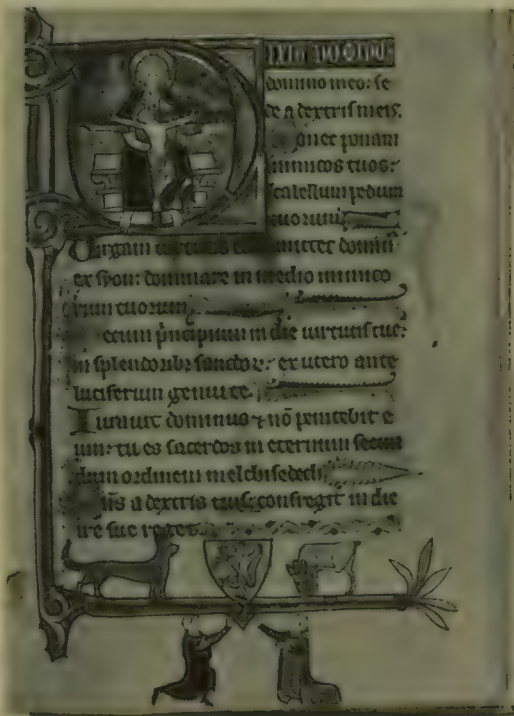
This drawing is "far in advance of other seventeenth-century representations of the subject . . . and might lead to the conclusion that the artist had either been to Egypt himself or had at least seen sketches made on the spot." Professor Blunt examines this question carefully and decides that the evidence on the whole is against Stefano della Bella having visited Egypt.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Drawings of G. B. Castiglione and Stefano della Bella at Windsor Castle," by Anthony Blunt, by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen; and by courtesy of the publishers.

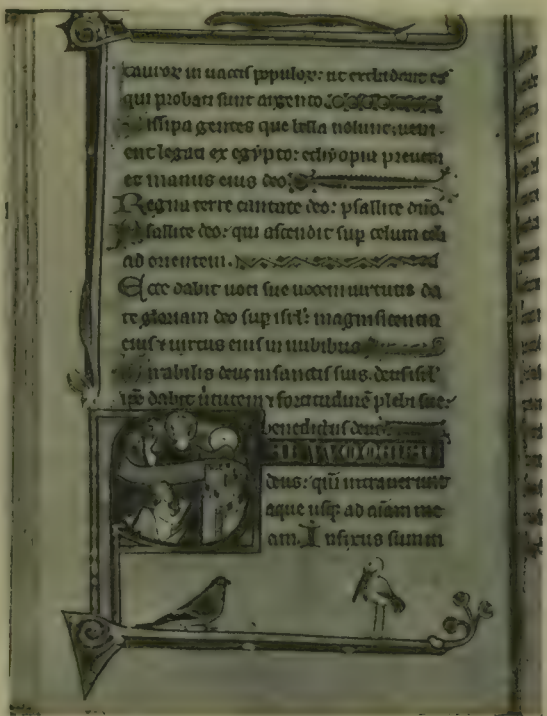
A GIFT TO THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: SPLENDID ILLUMINATED MSS.



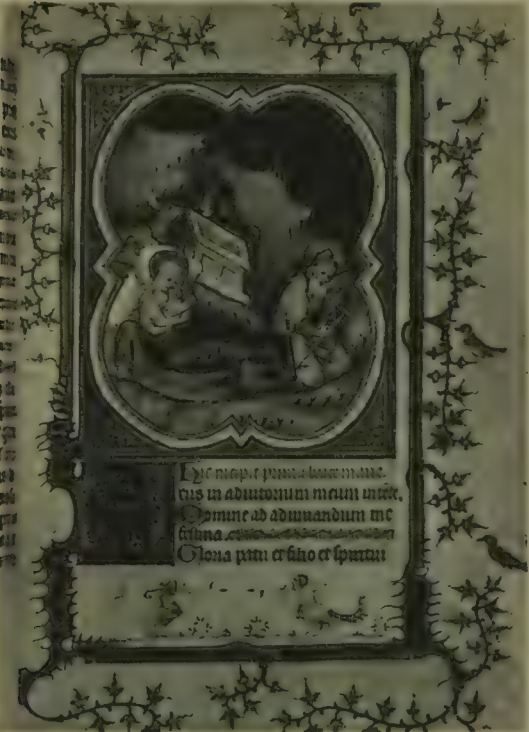
THE LATE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH "BIRD" PSALTER—FIRST LEAF; THE INITIAL B, WITH A TREE OF JESSE, DAVID HARPING IN THE TOP CORNER (LEFT), AND SLAYING GOLIATH BELOW; AND BIRDS, FROM WHICH IT IS NAMED, IN THE BORDER.



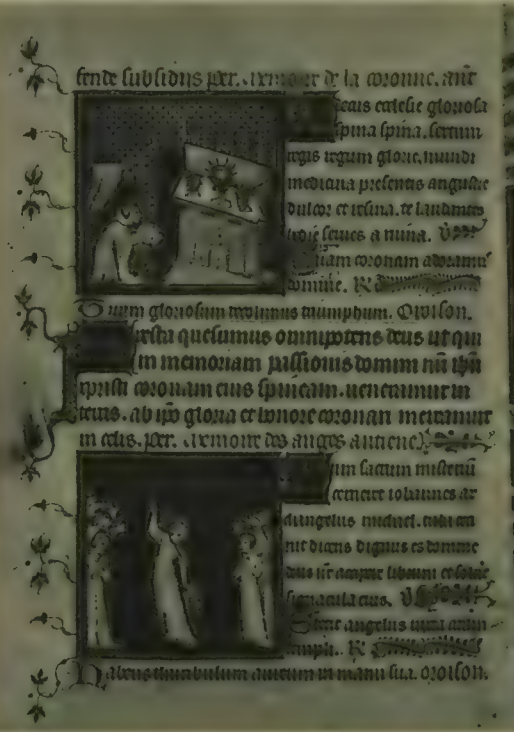
THE ENGLISH "BIRD" PSALTER: A PAGE WITH THE INITIAL D, SHOWING THE TRINITY. AT THE FOOT OF THE PAGE IS THE SHIELD OF THE FITZALAN FAMILY, SUPPORTED BY TWO KNEELING FIGURES, PROBABLY REPRESENTING THE OWNERS.



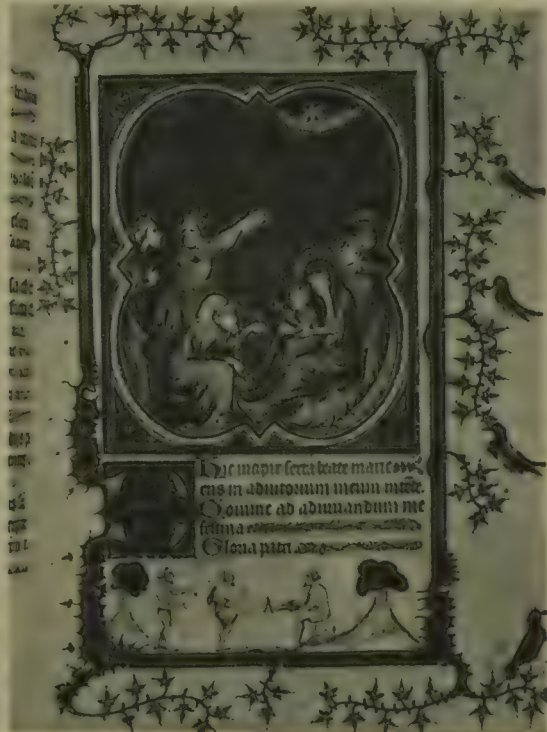
THE "BIRD" PSALTER: A PAGE WITH THE INITIAL S, SHOWING THE PRAYER OF THE PSALMIST TO BE DELIVERED OUT OF THE DEEP WATERS (PSALM 69); TWO BIRDS AT THE FOOT OF THE PAGE, AND A FISH AT THE TOP.



THE LATE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BURGUNDIAN BOOK OF HOURS AND MISSAL, PROBABLY MADE FOR PHILIPPE LE HARDI, DUKE OF BURGUNDY (D. 1404). THE NATIVITY, BY Le Maître aux Boqueteaux, SO CALLED FROM THE GROUPS OF TREES HE PAINTED.



THE BURGUNDIAN MS. MINIATURES SHOWING THE CROWN OF THORNS, WHICH La Sainte Chapelle WAS BUILT TO HOUSE (INDICATING THE OWNER'S CONNECTION WITH IT), AND OTHER SACRED RELICS; AND THE ARCHANGEL OVERCOMING LUCIFER.



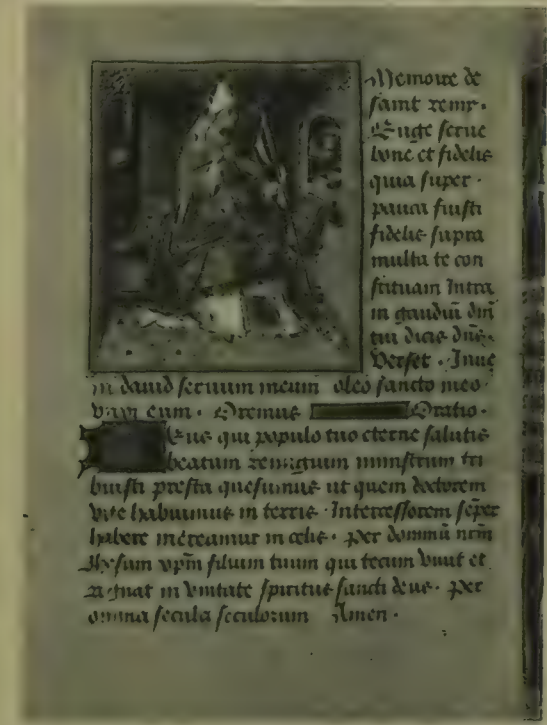
THE BURGUNDIAN MS.; THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, BY THE Maître aux Boqueteaux, IN WHOSE atelier IT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN MADE. GROUPS OF TREES (boqueteaux) CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS WORK ARE IN THE MARGIN.



THE BURGUNDIAN MS.; THE CELEBRATION OF MASS BY A PRIEST ATTENDED BY ANGELS, A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ADDITION BY AN ARTIST AT THE BURGUNDIAN COURT. ON THE RETABLE BEHIND THE ALTAR THE CRUCIFIXION IS DEPICTED.



THE ITALIAN MISSAL c. 1450, MADE FOR THE AUGUSTINIAN FRIARS HERMITS OF SIENA: THE CRUCIFIXION, BELIEVED TO BE THE WORK OF SANO DI PIETRO OF SIENA (1406-81), TO WHOM OTHER MINIATURES AND INITIALS IN THE BOOK ARE ATTRIBUTED.



THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BURGUNDIAN MS. ADDITIONS TO TEXT AND DECORATIONS MADE DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY BY MINIATURISTS OF THE BURGUNDIAN COURT, INCLUDE THE PRAYER TO ST. RÉMY AND MINIATURE OF HIM, ON THIS PAGE.

Lady Lee of Fareham has presented five illuminated MSS. to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, as a bequest from her husband, the late Lord Lee of Fareham. The English "Bird" Psalter in Latin, from near Winchcombe or Gloucester, was apparently made for a member of the FitzAlan family. The Burgundian Book of Hours has many miniatures by the Maître aux Boqueteaux. The large Italian Missal has miniatures believed to be by Sano di Pietro of Siena. The gift also includes an Italian MS. of Suetonius' "Lives of the Caesars," and a mid-fifteenth-century French Psalter and Book of Hours of the Use of Rome.



WERE it vouchsafed to human beings to know at the time the consequences of their actions, François Pelsaert might almost have found pleasure in the shipwreck that landed him, in 1629, on the Abrolhos Islands. As it was, this skipper of the *Batavia*, carrying Dutch emigrants to the Moluccas, probably had more urgent things to occupy his mind. The fact of his being shipwrecked led him, however, to being the first European to record the existence of an animal, previously unheard of, with long hind-legs,



THE POUCH FOR CARRYING THE YOUNG OPENS FORWARD, A CLEAR CORRELATION WITH THE ANIMAL'S ERECT POSTURE: A KANGAROO WITH ITS YOUNG IN ITS POUCH. IN DESCRIBING THE BIRTH OF A KANGAROO ON THIS PAGE DR. BURTON QUOTES PELSEAERT'S DESCRIPTION, IN 1629, OF THE "MANNER OF GENERATION OR PROCREATION" OF THE ANIMAL NOW KNOWN AS THE DAMA WALLABY. PELSEAERT, IN DESCRIBING THE YOUNG, SAYS: "THEY KEEP CREEPING INTO THE POUCH EVEN WHEN THEY HAVE BECOME VERY LARGE."

short fore-legs, a long, stout tail and a large bag or pouch on that part of the anatomy which the Victorians conspired to refer to under the pseudonym of "stomach." So the Western world gained its first news of the wallaby and a controversy was started which was not to end for nearly three centuries. In addition to giving a description of the animal now known as the dama wallaby, Pelsaert described "Their manner of generation or procreation . . . exceedingly strange and highly worth observing. Below the belly the female carries a pouch, into which you may put your hand; inside this pouch are her nipples, and we have found that the young ones grow up inside the pouch with the nipples in their mouths. We have seen some young ones lying there, which were only the size of a bean, though at the same time perfectly proportioned, so that it seems certain that they grow there out of the nipples of the mammæ, from which they draw their food, until they are grown up and able to walk."

For the next three centuries speculation on how the young wallaby or kangaroo finds itself in the maternal pouch produced a variety of theories. Aborigines and early white settlers, visiting scientists, writers-to-the-papers and those contributing to scientific journals in subsequently settled Australia, as well as scientists in Europe and America having only kangaroos and wallabies in zoos to observe, all produced their own theories or upheld one of those previously propounded. According to them: the young grew on the teats as apples grow on twigs; the young were conceived in the pouch; they were conceived in the womb, whence a teat grew through the body-wall into the pouch; the young were catapulted from the birth-canal, to use Carl Hartman's* apt phrasing, into the pouch; the mother kangaroo picked up the young, immediately after birth, and placed them, either with the toes of the fore-feet or with the mouth, into the pouch. For the most part, the truth was ignored, although it had been fairly established, in 1830, by Collie, a ship's-surgeon. From an observation made to him by a fellow-officer, Collie made further investigations and found that the young kangaroo on being

BIRTH OF A KANGAROO.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

expelled from the birth-canal made its own way to the pouch and, entering it, located one of the teats, took hold with its mouth and remained there until able to move about on its own. From time to time, over the intervening years, a hunter would testify to the truth of this, or a layman would write to the Press substantiating it or adding further details, but for the most part layman and scientist alike ignored these reports or refused to accept them.

It could even be that had Collie's observation been more readily accepted, less effort might have been made to establish the truth in later days and we should have now a less complete account of this event. Just prior to birth, it seems, the kangaroo takes up a resting position, almost a sitting position, with the long hind-legs stretched forward and the tail lying at full length between them. This brings the opening of the birth-canal into a position pointing upwards towards the opening of the pouch. The mother has also been seen to hold the pouch open with her fore-paws and groom the inside with her tongue. Then she licks a path through her fur from the opening of the birth-canal to the opening of the pouch. As each young is protruded she bends forward and licks the emerging foetus, freeing it of its surrounding membranes. Thereafter she appears to take no further interest in it. The young kangaroo, incredibly small, no more than an inch long even in the large kangaroos, makes its way to the pouch along the path licked by the mother. Minute, semi-transparent, almost worm-like, it has been described as moving like a seal, a caterpillar, squirming or wriggling. Contrary to what obtains in the adult, the fore-limbs are more strongly-developed than the hind-limbs. So the newly-born kangaroo moves with an over-arm stroke, its head turning from side to side with a searching action. Once inside the pouch, it is the searching action that brings it finally to one of the teats, which it seizes in the mouth. If for any reason it becomes detached from the teat, the searching action comes again into play and the young animal makes its way to another teat.

It might be objected that the story is now common knowledge, that it is thirty years at least since the truth of it was firmly established. It is repeated here as an introduction to what follows. It is also justified because, even within recent years, at least one standard work has continued one of the older, erroneous stories. That apart, it does no harm, in these days of intensive application to the springs of animal behaviour, to repeat it, if only for its implications. It would be incorrect to say that the young kangaroo makes its way to the pouch unaided. The mother makes preparations, which are with little doubt at least of subsidiary help. She prepares the pouch, she frees the foetus of its enclosing capsule, she so disposes herself as to give the maximum chance of success for this first journey in the world, and she licks the path through her fur. And this, if it is not absolutely essential, is of some assistance. All these are, however, no more remarkable than the preparations made by mothers-to-be in other strata of the animal kingdom. Much the more significant are the actions performed by the newly-born kangaroo, seemingly so intelligent yet carried out at a time when the brain can be said only just to have started to perform.

Once free of the foetal membranes the young kangaroo starts to move upwards. This has been more completely tested in the birth of the American opossum, which is so very like that of the Australian marsupials as a whole. When the newly-emerged young is about to start its journey, no matter how the maternal body is tilted it always moves upwards. It does this at a time when the eyes are not formed, when there is no inner ear with its balancing organ, and when there is no sense of smell, so far as can be determined. The only one of the five senses that appears to be operative is that of touch. This much is suggested by the fact that the moment the head touches a nipple the slit-like mouth opens, becomes rounded, seizes the nipple and holds on firmly. This pattern of behaviour is a complicated one if we take into account every detail. It is a long one if we measure the distance of the journey made to the pouch in terms of the size of the traveller making it. It is a sure one if we recall how unerringly, given a freedom from untoward circumstance, it is made. Yet this long, complicated and sure pattern unfolds under the



SUCKLED IN A LARGE POUCH IN THE DAM'S BODY: A YOUNG KANGAROO STILL WITH ITS MOTHER BUT APPROACHING THE TIME WHEN IT WILL LEAVE THE POUCH TO FEND FOR ITSELF. IT IS ONLY IN THE LAST THIRTY YEARS OR SO THAT THE FACTS CONCERNING THE BIRTH OF A KANGAROO HAVE BEEN FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.

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Elsewhere Abroad	5 18 6	3 1 3	2 17 6

* "Possums." By Carl G. Hartman. University of Texas Press, Austin, 1952.

influence and guidance of a nervous system as yet in its rudimentary stages. The spinal cord is in being but can hardly be called developed. The brain is no more than at the beginning of its development, and at best only the lower centres are functional. In general terms, therefore, we have here a measure of the small development and the small amount of nervous tissue needed to produce a quite remarkable pattern of behaviour which for the sureness with which it achieves its end has much the appearance of being purposeful if not intelligent. Yet on every count it can be no more than automatic, inborn, consciousness, and non-purposeful except within the framework of a species-purpose.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AT THE FESTIVAL HALL BALLET IN MEMORY OF DIAGHILEV: (L. TO R.) MISS DORIS BARRY, MME. TAMARA KARSAVINA AND MISS ALICIA MARKOVA.

On August 19 a programme of ballet entitled "Homage to Diaghilev" was given at the Royal Festival Hall to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of the great dancer. Among those who attended the performance were Mme. Tamara Karsavina, Diaghilev's famous ballerina, who, with Nijinsky, created the rôles of "The Firebird," "Petrouchka" and "Spectre de la Rose."



AT AUSTRALIA HOUSE, LONDON: (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR SYDNEY ROWELL, JOHN LANDY AND SIR THOMAS WHITE, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA.

A luncheon, at which the High Commissioner for Australia was host, was given in honour of Lieut.-General Sir Sydney Rowell, Chief of the Australian General Staff, at Australia House, on August 16. Also present was John Landy, the Australian holder of the mile record, who had just arrived in London from Vancouver, where he had taken part in the Empire Games.



TO BE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN PAKISTAN: MR. A. C. B. SYMON.

At present an Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office, Mr. A. C. B. Symon has been appointed United Kingdom High Commissioner in Pakistan in succession to Sir Gilbert Lathwaite. He joined the old India Office in 1919, and from 1946 to 1948 was Deputy United Kingdom High Commissioner in India.



DIED ON AUGUST 19: SIGNOR ALCIDE DE GASPERI, A GREAT ITALIAN STATESMAN.

Signor de Gasperi, founder and leader of the Christian Democratic Party, was Prime Minister of Italy, and sometimes Foreign Minister as well, from December 1945 until July 1953, in eight consecutive Governments. Aged seventy-three, he was the most representative political figure of his country's post-war history. A resolute anti-Fascist, he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment after the Fascists had suppressed his newspaper, *Il Nuovo Trentino*, in 1926. He was rescued from this by the intervention of the Vatican, and in 1928 was made an assistant in the Vatican library. Here he remained until Mussolini's fall in 1943. On December 10, 1945, he succeeded Signor Parri as Prime Minister.



A NEWLY-APPOINTED KEEPER AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: MR. R. L. S. BRUCE-MITFORD.

The appointment of Mr. R. L. S. Bruce-Mitford as Keeper of the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities at the British Museum, in succession to Mr. A. B. Tonnochy, who has retired, has been announced. Mr. Bruce-Mitford, who joined the staff of the Museum in 1938, has specialised in Anglo-Saxon antiquities. Earlier this year he became Deputy Keeper.



TO BE AMBASSADOR TO ISRAEL: MR. J. W. NICHOLLS.

Mr. J. W. Nicholls, at present an Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, has been appointed Ambassador at Tel Aviv in succession to Sir Francis Evans. The new Ambassador, who is forty-four, will take up his duties next month. In 1949 he went to the Moscow Embassy with the local rank of Minister, returning to London in July 1951.



APPOINTED A DEPUTY KEEPER AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: MR. P. M. R. POUNCEY.

Mr. P. M. R. Pouncey has been appointed Deputy Keeper in the Department of Prints and Drawings. He joined the British Museum staff in 1945, having previously served in the National Gallery. With Mr. Popham he was responsible for the "Catalogue of Italian Drawings of the 14th and 15th Centuries in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum," published in 1950.



DIED ON AUGUST 15: MISS ETHEL STRUDWICK, C.B.E.

Miss E. Strudwick, a leading figure in scholastic circles, died aged seventy-four. After graduating with honours at Bedford College in 1900, she became classical mistress at The Laurels Girls' School, Rugby. From 1913-27 she was Head Mistress of the City of London Girls' School, and High Mistress of St. Paul's Girls' School from 1927-48.



DR. RALPH BUNCHE—A NEW APPOINTMENT.

Dr. Ralph Bunche, American Negro winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1950 for his negotiation of the Palestine Armistice; and, since 1946, Director of the U.N. Trusteeship Department, has been appointed an Under-Secretary-General without Portfolio in U.N. The appointment makes him senior American in the Secretariat.



DONOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL, TO THE NATION: LORD ST. LEVAN, WITH HIS WIFE.

St. Michael's Mount, the island castle opposite Marazion, Cornwall, has been given by its owner, Lord St. Levan, to the National Trust, with a substantial endowment for its maintenance.



INTRODUCED TAX REDUCTIONS IN AUSTRALIA: SIR A. FADDEN.

The Budget introduced by the Australian Federal Treasurer, Sir Arthur Fadden, in the House of Representatives, Canberra, on August 18, effects cuts in income tax, sales tax, and the pay-roll tax. The reductions in income tax represent an overall decrease of 9 per cent.; the maximum rate is now 13s. 4d. in the pound, instead of 14s.



DIED ON AUGUST 15: MR. J. A. DEWAR.

Mr. J. A. Dewar, chairman and director of John Dewar and Sons, died, aged sixty-three, in Italy. In 1930 he inherited his uncle Lord Dewar's racehorses, and began a successful career on the Turf, winning the Derby with *Cameronian* in 1931. He gave £130,000 to rebuild the Gordon Hospital, Vauxhall Bridge Road.



PASSING OVER THE EGGS TO CLEAN AND ARRANGE THEM: THE BLACK SEA BREEM WITH THE 1953 NEST. THE EGGS ARE THE WHITISH SPECKLES ON THE CLEARED PATCH OF SLATE.

During the past two or three years several specimens of the Black Sea Bream or Old Wife (*Cantharus lineatus*), a fish common in the Mediterranean and Eastern Atlantic, reaching our western coasts and the mouth of the Channel, have lived healthily in the aquarium of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth. These captive fishes bred both last year and this, and they afforded an opportunity of adding to our meagre knowledge of the habits and life-history of this species. These photographs, which show some of the fascinating phases of the nesting activities, have been taken by Dr. Douglas P. Wilson, F.R.P.S., of the Laboratory, who writes:

THE fishes occupied, along with others of several different kinds, a very large tank, the slate floor of which was covered with small, rounded pebbles. In May, when breeding took place, an area of slate was cleared of pebbles to form a

(Continued opposite.)



KEEPING AN INTRUDER AWAY FROM THE NEST: THE MALE BREEM WITH A PLAICE, WHICH HE HAD JUST BITTEN BY WAY OF WARNING.



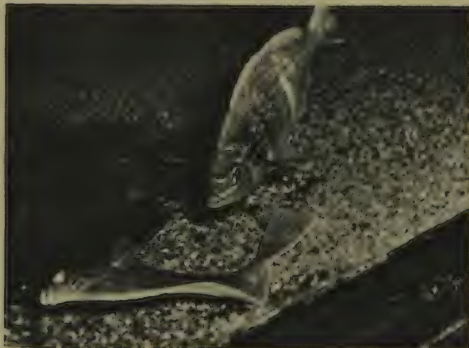
HATTLING WITH A POUT, WHICH WOULD PERSIST IN SWIMMING OVER THE NEST: THE BREEM ATTACKING AND BITING THE INTRUDER.

(Continued.) having been laid, the male mounted guard. One of his duties was to keep the eggs and nest clean. At frequent intervals he swam closely over them, fanning rapidly with his tail, dispersing silt and any small pebbles which had got scattered amongst them. Single pebbles lying on the nest were picked up in the mouth and dropped well to one side. If the pebbles were at all numerous (as when scattered over the nest by a ray settling down alongside) they were driven off by the back-wash from the fanning movement of the tail already described. It was the many other fishes in the tank which gave the male the most work to do. It was only natural for the rays, plaice and other flat fishes to settle down anywhere on the tank floor, at least until they had learnt by bitter experience to avoid the cleared

TANK WARFARE: THE NESTING OF



VIGOROUSLY SWISHING HIS TAIL FROM SIDE TO SIDE TO KEEP THE EGGS FROM SILTING UP: THE MALE FISH ON DUTY AT THE 1954 NEST.



IN HOT PURSUIT: THE MALE BLACK SEA BREEM CHASING A PLAICE DOWN THE TANK; THE PLAICE IS ONLY TOO ANXIOUS TO MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY.



BEARING THE SCARS OF BATTLE: THE POUT (*GADUS LUSCUS*), COVERED IN WHITE MARKS, SHOWING WHERE IT HAD BEEN BITTEN BY THE INFURIATED BREEM.

patch of slate! Plaice and rays were the chief offenders, and were "dive-bombed" or bitten until they fled. Rock-lobsters (*Palinurus vulgaris*) were a constant source of annoyance to the anxious parent. If one of these large crustaceans wandered over the nest it would be attacked in one of a variety of ways. A frequent method was to circle warily around and bite its back or its tail-fan. Another method was to push from behind. Applying his lips to the bent abdomen of the larger animal, the breem literally shoved it away, an action that demanded extremely vigorous swimming movements and one which must have been quite exhausting. Sometimes the fish would seize one of the long antennae and drag the offending creature off the nest. There is in this same tank a solitary pout

THE BLACK SEA BREEM IN CAPTIVITY.



REMOVING ONE OF THE PEBBLES SCATTERED BY OTHER FISH IN THE TANK: THE MALE, IN THE 1953 NEST, IN WHICH YEAR HE WAS NEVER DEEPLY COLOURED.



AN ACTION WHICH REQUIRED CONSIDERABLE EXERTION ON THE PART OF THE FISH: THE BREEM PUSHING A ROCK-LOBSTER (*PALINURUS VULGARIS*) OFF THE NEST.



THE TABLES ARE TURNED: THE BREEM, WHICH WAS ABOUT TO ATTACK A RAY LYING ON THE NEST, IS HEADED OFF AND CHASED BY THE POUT.

(*Gadus luscus*). The marks on his body (the sex is not known for certain, it is presumed that it is male) bore witness to the many assaults he had suffered from the breem, for he would persist in haunting the neighbourhood of the nest and was not readily put off. Of all the fishes in the tank he was the only one which retaliated, frequently initiating an attack on the breem himself. This happened both years. The pout constantly harried the breem and would attack at once if he saw the breem chivvying some other fish to drive it off the nest. The breem would then break off his own attack and flee before the pout. Not until the eggs hatched, about ten days after laying, and the breem had shoaled up again normally with the other fishes, did these two cease to chase and bite each other. The microscopic young



THE MALE FISH LEAVING THE NEST WITH A PEBBLE IN HIS MOUTH, TO DROP IT WELL TO ONE SIDE. NOTE THE FRAIDED FINS, EVIDENCE OF HARD WORK.

(Continued.) primitive sort of nest. In 1953 the nest had a final diameter of about 2 ft.; in 1954 of about 3 ft. In the centre of this cleared area the eggs were laid. Once, near mid-day, a female, after being chased by the male, was seen to accompany him down on to the cleared patch and stay there for some minutes, with the male fussing about her; but to the great disappointment of those watching, she swam off without laying any eggs. The aquarium attendant was more fortunate one evening when, at about 10 p.m., he saw both eggs and milk shed. This year there were at least two separate spawnings, twenty-four hours apart; last year perhaps only one. The eggs are minute white specks, about 1 mm. in diameter, laid in irregular sheets one egg thick, the eggs being stuck to the slate and to one another. The eggs

(Continued below, 341)



AS FIERCE AS ANY WATCH-DOG: THE BREEM TACKLING A RAY, WHICH IS HEAVING ITSELF UP TO GET AWAY, AFTER BEING BITTEN BEHIND THE EYES.



RETALIATION: THE POUT, BEARING THE MARKS OF THE BREEM'S TEETH, TURNS ON HIS ATTACKER AND CHASES HIM, BENT ON HAVING HIS REVENGE.

which hatched out of the eggs disappeared, lost in the vast volume of water and probably eaten by other creatures. During the early days of the nesting the breem fully justified its common name of black. Normally it is rather a silvery fish, but during the excitement of breeding it became an intense dark violet, almost black, with a few vertical white bands and blotches on its sides. As the days wore on the blackness became less intense, and when most of the photographs were taken, towards the end of the nesting period, the colour was much lighter than at first. This lightening of colour was a change the photographer appreciated. When restored to normal colour, when the nesting was over, the male was indistinguishable from the females. [Photographs by Douglas P. Wilson, D.Sc., F.R.P.S.]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is a nice chance that brings together "Keep In A Cool Place" and "Salad Days" within the same article. And, in any other August than this, the combination would look better still. Alas, having just returned from the first play through the downpour of an August night, hung up my mackintosh, and reflected how very pleasant a crackling log fire would have been—carols, too, perhaps, and a few Christmas-cards—I cannot really say that the titles are well timed.

Anyway, William Templeton's title, "Keep In A Cool Place" (Saville), is quite irrelevant. It is just an amiable luggage-label for a piece in which a large, saxophone-blowing, chess-playing Scot with a commanding air and an even more commanding beard, cries at appropriate intervals, "Let us all keep calm." The adjuration is needed, for the things that happen in Glen Lannoch—if this is the name—might rip the roof off any normal house. I hardly imagine that the house of Mr. Marcus McLeod is a normal residence, typical of most above the Highland line. I sat very close to a Scot when the curtain rose, and turned in alarm to watch his face. There was no flicker at first; it was magnificently impassive. Then I seemed to detect a certain smouldering in the eye; the nostrils quivered, and his hand felt (I could have sworn) for his claymore, or any offensive weapon within reach. The smouldering may have been a trick of the light: but the eye had just seen what we could all see: a very odd setting: a room (opening on to heather, loch, and mountain) that was wall-papered opulently in a thistle-pattern and appeared to be stiff with antlers. The décor further included guns, stuffed fish, and chairs in smoking-room leather, while in the hall at the back the paper was in a rich, dark tartan.



"SALAD DAYS" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE: THE BREAKFAST SCENE DURING WHICH TIMOTHY DAWES (JOHN WARNER) IS BEING PERSUADED BY HIS MOTHER (DOROTHY REYNOLDS) AND HIS FATHER (MICHAEL ALDRIDGE) TO TRY AND GET A JOB BY VISITING HIS GOOD UNCLES. HIS AUNT PRUE (PAT HEYWOOD, SEATED, RIGHT) SUGGESTS HE SEES HIS ONE BAD UNCLE, WHOSE NAME IS TABOO IN THE DAWES HOUSEHOLD.

Clearly, our heart was in the theatrical Highlands. We had to watch this setting through six scenes, so Mr. Templeton would have to find a remarkably strong anecdote to fill it. I cannot say, on reflection, that he did. There were moments when the mind strayed back to the antlers, and when one could imagine the dramatist as he walked round and round that loch, puzzling out a fresh curtain-line for the third act. He could really have taken a longer walk.

For me the evening lived on a scatter of excellent lines—Mr. Templeton has a useful wit—and on the performance of Roger Livesey. He was not right for the part. One could see (and hear) it being played more authentically, craggily, confidently, by a real Scot. But I have to admit that I did not want any more cragginess and confidence; and Mr. Livesey was as real as the fantasy demanded. The whole

thing is moonshine. For me Mr. Livesey is the man in the moon (Scots version).

This Marcus McLeod is proud of his four sons, all variously occupied away from home. Suddenly he learns that three of them have married, and within a day—I said this was fantasy—three wives turn up: a ravishing Hungarian, a revue soubrette, and a worried little girl with a great deal on her mind, also a forger for parent. (He remains unseen.) "Let us all keep calm," observes Marcus McLeod with an



"KEEP IN A COOL PLACE" (SAVILLE): THE SCENE IN WHICH A PRACTICAL JOKE IS PLAYED ON THE LAIRD, MARCUS MCLEOD (ROGER LIVESEY), BY ONE OF HIS SONS, WHO STAGES THE ARRIVAL OF A MOCK JAPANESE BRIDE. (L. TO R.) HAMISH MCLEOD (DAVID CROSSE), TRIXIE (DOREEN RICHARDS), ROBERT MCLEOD (JOHN STONE), ILONKA (HY HAZELL), ANGUS McDONALD (JAMES GIBSON), MARCUS MCLEOD (ROGER LIVESEY), POLLY BLAIR (JEAN CADELL), JEAN LINDSAY (MARGARET DICKIE), GAVIN MCLEOD (JEREMY DEMPSTER), IAN MCLEOD (JOHN DOWNING) AND LEAFY (PAMELA WRIGHT).

effort. He comes of a family accustomed to rule its women-folk (though he himself is managed well by an old quince of a housekeeper acted, with the exact shade of tartness, by Jean Cadell at her Scottish best). The entire play is devoted to a reconstruction of the McLeod household, to the father-in-law's effort to mould his visitors to Caledonia stern and wild.

He is moderately stern and not very wild, with a pair of Achilles heels—his saxophone and his passion for painting in oils—and Roger Livesey endows him with a handsome presence, a face that, registering astonishment, looks like a startled Landseer lion (I choose it in preference to a Stag At Bay), and a voice that is throbbing and claret-coloured. It has the texture of a velvet cloak, though the texture is seldom Scottish. Mr. Livesey may not carry off the man of the part, but he creates a character that it is highly enjoyable to meet. The play over which he presides is the oddest mixture. Something seems always to be happening, but it is usually a variation on the same thing: we find ourselves caring less about the skein of events than about the way in which the players tangle it. Besides Mr. Livesey and Miss Cadell, there is a genial cast, with Hy Hazell suitably rhapsodic as the Hungarian wife who can speak five languages, and Doreen Richards, blithely dumb as the soubrette whose chief accomplishment is a double somersault. We do not forget a shattering few minutes for Kenneth Connor as the kind of touring revue comedian ("Legs and Dimples" was the piece), who has a trick in every pocket and a pun in every sentence, and who would be a warmly-hailed relative of Augustus Colpoys from "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" that "insignificant little fellow . . . unable to forget that he is a low comedian." We recall that he convulsed Mr. Ablett with laughter: "Ho, ho! oh, Mr. Colpoys! oh, reely, Sir! ho, dear!"

There is also a tiny gargoyle of a Scot (acted by James Gibson), who finds the confusion in the McLeod family more than he can understand. "Hullo! Mr. McDonald!" calls the little soubrette and runs away upstairs. "She doesn't wait for an answer!" says McDonald in alarm. Anything said to him must be anxiously pondered. It may not be a good idea to ponder on Mr. Templeton's comedy. We should let it

come—it is, after all, no more than a fantasy in tartan—and not seek to question it. It is the kind of piece that doesn't wait for an answer, but that as one leaves the theatre—melts like snow-wreaths in thaw, or fades like the sound of McLeod's saxophone in his garden. "I think I'll go out into the garden for a blow," observes Mr. Livesey as he picks up the silver-plated horror.

After Hamish and Ian, Robert and Gavin, Ilonka and Trixie and Leafy, we have a blow with the boys and girls—led by Jane and Timothy—of "Salad Days," at the Vaudeville. It is not a Northern wind. It is a gentle, scuffling spring breeze. It bears upon it the notes of Julian Slade's music; and it blows through what, I suppose, is a revue, though it might also be called a musical comedy. There is one connection with the play at the Saville. Each began its life at the Bristol Old Vic, Mr. Templeton's piece some years ago, in a different version, and "Salad Days" as recently as this summer.

The revue, entertainment, musical play, set of charades—call it anything but a "show"—gets across to us, I think, because its cast enjoys it so much, and invites us to join. The affair, with Mr. Slade's tunes and some preposterous invention about a magical piano that causes all who hear it to dance, becomes a free-for-all: we fully expect people in the front seats to leap upon the stage.

It has the luck, of course, to be produced by Denis Carey and to be acted by the Bristol Old Vic cast. John Warner and Eleanor Drew represent love's young dream; Dorothy Reynolds (who wrote the libretto, with Mr. Slade) has always been a witty comedienne; and the ripe-peach manner of Newton Blick, and the quality of such players as Michael Aldridge and Yvonne Coulette, do more for "Salad



"SALAD DAYS": JANE (ELEANOR DREW) AND TIMOTHY (JOHN WARNER) MEET THE TRAMP (NEWTON BLICK) WHO INTRODUCES THEM TO THE MAGIC PIANO "MINNIE," WHICH SETS EVERYONE WHO HEARS IT A-DANCING.

Days" than one could have hoped. But one must be careful. It does not help at all to describe this as an exciting discovery in light entertainment. It is not. It is not a new splendour in the theatre, and I think it would embarrass the cast to say so. It is, in short, not a bird-of-paradise but a butterfly, and butterfly-fanciers will be on its trail. They will find themselves in Hyde Park, in a night-club, and in a flying-saucer where tea-gowns, we are told, are the wear, and which may remind us that Lewis Carroll wrote:

Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.

The word for "Salad Days" comes from another writer. The year's at the spring, and day's at the morn: Morning's at seven. So, in effect, at the Vaudeville (though here evening's at eight).

Outside now it is still pouring, and the pool at the end of the garden has grown during the night. My mackintosh is still damp. "Ah! well!" as Mr. McLeod would say, "Let us all keep calm."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WIENER BLUT" (Stoll).—Johann Strauss's last operetta, presented vivaciously by a Viennese cast. (August 16.)

"KEEP IN A COOL PLACE" (Saville).—We know at once, when the curtain rises, that the scene is a stage Scotland. Geoffrey Ghin's set is more determinedly Scottish than anything—even the Dagenham Girl Pipers—that I remember for a long time; and William Templeton's comedy, in spite of its invasion by members of various subject races, sticks loyally to the Highlands. It is hard to remember a play with so much plot that finds it more difficult to keep going to the end. But Mr. Templeton has wit, and Roger Livesey, as the Highland despot, can take our hearts even though he may not persuade us that he has been within a hundred miles of Glen Lannoch. (August 17.)

MAGNIFYING THE MOUNTAINS.



LITTLE MORE THAN A SNOWY BLOB ON THE HORIZON: THE 14,255-FT. LONG'S PEAK, IN THE FRONT RANGE, COLORADO, U.S.A., TAKEN FROM DENVER WITH AN ORDINARY CAMERA.



CLOSE-UP! LONG'S PEAK, ALTHOUGH MORE THAN FIFTY MILES FROM DENVER, IS MOVED, AS IT WERE, ALMOST INTO THE SUBURBS BY THE SPECIAL TELESCOPE CAMERA.



WITH HIS LONG-RANGE CAMERA AT THE TOP OF DENVER UNIVERSITY LIBRARY: MR. WARREN CORRELL. THE CAMERA HAS A 3½-IN. ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE FOR A LENS.

Mountains in the distance usually appear like molehills when photographed with an ordinary camera. To overcome this difficulty, Mr. Warren Correll, Jr., an American physicist, transformed his ordinary camera into a special long-range one by using a 3½-in. astronomical telescope for a lens. With it he has shot a collection of views that seem to bring the distant mountains fifty miles away into the suburbs of Denver, Colorado. Mr. Correll made a film-holder that fits on the telescope where the eyepiece usually goes, and put on a deep-red filter to eliminate haze. He used infra-red film and controlled the exposure time with a lens cap. The photographs reproduced above of Long's Peak, in the Front Range Mountains, Colorado, U.S.A., were taken one early morning from the roof of the Denver University library, the distance between the two being fifty miles as the crow flies.

THE DISPUTE OVER GOA.

The "invasion" of Goa, in Portuguese India, by the so-called "Liberation Volunteers" from India, which was to have started on August 15—the seventh anniversary of India's Independence Day—did not, to say the least, go according to plan, for only three small groups, totalling about fifty men, marched across the border, and all of these were dealt with by the police. Speaking of this incident at a Press conference on August 17, Dr. Cunha, the Portuguese Foreign Minister, said that "it was a great lesson to the world on how even a small country, by its firm attitude, by taking precautions in time, and by having the moral support of other countries, can check aggression." On August 19 the Indian Government suggested that a conference should be held in New Delhi to discuss the arrangements for impartial observation of the situation in Goa and other Portuguese settlements in India.



BELIEVED AT ONE TIME TO BE A ROUTE "LIBERATION VOLUNTEERS" FROM INDIA MIGHT TAKE: A CUSTOMS CHECK-POINT ON THE LONELY FRONTIER CROSSING AT POTEM, IN SOUTH-WESTERN GOA, PORTUGUESE INDIA.



RETURNING FROM THE CHURCH OF BOM JESUS, OLD GOA, AFTER HAVING PRAYED TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER TO SAVE GOA: PORTUGUESE TROOPS MARCHING PAST THE CARDINAL PATRIARCH (RIGHT) ON AUGUST 14, THE DAY BEFORE THE SO-CALLED "LIBERATION."



PORTUGUESE CUSTOMS GUARDS PURLING THE INDIAN FLAG CARRIED BY A SMALL GROUP OF NINETEEN "LIBERATION VOLUNTEERS," WHOM THEY ARRESTED AT MAXEM, SIX MILES INSIDE THE GOAN FRONTIER

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

I HAVE never had anything against "moral" stories; not even as a child, when they were supposed to put one off. Indeed, moral structure is of great advantage to a novelist; it is the most effective kind of backbone. But that applies only to the clear-cut, old-fashioned type, in which right conduct was imperative and fixed. To-day, when all is flux, and almost nothing seems beyond the pale, morals have become a dwindling resource. Their modish counterpart may be called uplift. In place of vertebate morality and the good man, we now have cosmic consciousness, the sage, the seeker, the potential guru. This guru-fashion is so marked that even quite unlikely novelists have had a go at it; and the result has been a gallery of failures. It may be far higher and deeper than the old morality, but in a novel it won't work. Sages are very difficult, to start with, and to say the least; but they are not the radical objection, which is the other-worldliness. For in the social scene, Enlightenment is a foreign body. It won't join on to anything; whereas a social code really belongs.

"The World in the Evening," by Christopher Isherwood (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), presents no full-blown sage—or not in the front line; though the narrator may be coming on that way. At thirty-odd, he is a sulky and tormented adolescent, "filthily rich," solely engaged in chasing women, making himself disagreeable at parties, and wallowing in a "black bog of hatred" for his second wife. He is obsessed with the desire to catch her out; and when, one night in Hollywood, he really does, it is with an "almost agonizing upsurge of glee." Now he can break away, if he is quick enough. Which involves panic flight to his old home, and the adoring, henlike little saint who brought him up. Stephen was reared a Quaker; then he found sex, and had to get to the bottom of it; and then, he fell in with Elizabeth. She was a highbrow novelist, an elect soul, and twelve years older than himself; so, in their wonderfully happy marriage, he remained a child. And then she died, and there was Jane. He is still crazed for Jane; and, though the Quakers are a worthy lot, he just can't do with them. He is about to fly once more, when his Elizabeth pushes him providentially under a truck. And after a month or two in bed, reading her letters and reviewing the past, he gets up a saved man.

Only we have to take that on authority—like the appearances of It, first to Elizabeth in her dark hour, and then in Sarah's eye. And when you cut out the ineffable, and the mild flavour of improvingness, and the foreign parts, and the unnecessary characters—such as Aunt Sarah's German girl, and the trio of romantic homosexuals—it is quite difficult to find the story. What you then think of it will depend largely on your feeling for Elizabeth. If you admire her and her letters, well and good. Alas, they failed with me.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Curate of Wakefield," by David Emerson (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.), though full of clergymen, gives their religion a wide berth. It is a most attractive story (with so provocative a title, that was *de rigueur*), and also period, which is in tune. In the year 1805, the Reverend Thomas Baldrey has a nagging sense of being looked down on. He should have made more of his life. All his contemporaries get ahead, while he, the serious young man, the lad of promise, has been curate of Great Wakefield for the last twenty years. Albinia says he won't bestir himself; and yet he has bestirred himself, far more than some. At any rate, he does the work; all that his Vicar ever did was to worm himself into a couple of handsome benefices, and then curl up, in pasha-like seclusion, with digestive trouble. And the new vacancies go to the rising Mr. Mortons, not to the fifty-year-old drudge. In youth, Tom Baldrey was high-minded about pulling strings; now, when he wouldn't boggle at a string or two, it is too late. . . .

All this may sound a little dreary. But he is not at all a dreary character: only a shabby, humorous and rueful pilgrim who has lost his way. And there are compensations; he has his daughter Sally, and his comfortable old study at Crows Hall, with the upright coffin doing duty as a wine-cellar. He owes the coffin, and the love of wine, to his Jamaican days—when he had fortune at command, and smashed his prospects at one blow. For there is a secret behind this perpetual curacy. And Mr. Baldrey has not done with it. Soon it is knocking at his door—in the disguise of Captain Joliffe, the hard-faced, fashionable business man who has bought Maiden Hill, and has a black servant named Cato.

The action is romantically violent, the ending not banal, the clerical society extremely good, and Mr. Baldrey irresistible.

"A White House," by Jefferson Young (Constable; 10s. 6d.), is the touching little story of a negro share-cropper in Mississippi who wants to paint his shack. They are all grey in that part of the country. Albert's idea is to fatten a little bull-calf which he got for an odd job, and then sell it and buy the paint. The owner of the land does not object—only he shakes his head. The blacks are murmuringly thrilled. And a few whites take it amiss. They try to starve, and then to scare him out of it. And possibly that would be all; for times have changed, in spite of everything. But his Louella is so frightened that she kills the calf.

Of course, the white house is "mo'n just a house"; and he is too didactically conscious of it, too early on. Which is the one blot on a humble and pathetic idyll.

"A Kind of Misfortune," by Richard Parker (Collins; 10s. 6d.), shows how unhackneyed the "detective story" can still be. Its "kind of misfortune" is to have neighbours. Though the "mad major" doesn't count; he is Miss Honey's dearest friend—only he has the peculiarity of keeping her sister Louise in his watch-case, and brooding endlessly on how she went off with a Greek. However, that is an old story. This one begins with the delivery of a dead cat in a shoebox—and of another in a more revolting mode. The detective efforts of the family are uninspired; the light of nature would suggest Chuff Sordson, a most unpleasant youth, who killed the major's favourite wild duck. And then he too becomes the subject of inquiries. Though they are never vital; it is the flow of life and incident that keeps one charmed.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THAT boys have held my stage for two successive weeks is no accident. Britain has never before possessed such a multitude of promising boy players. It is not easy to predict which will rise from among the bevy and find in himself the extra powers of ambition, concentration and brilliance needed to produce a master, but that some will do so seems extremely probable. Here is a game just played in the championship of the Junior Postal Chess Club, which I found pure delight from start to finish. The players' names are not familiar to you—they are both still in their teens—but they well may be, before long. The notes are based on Payne's comments.

Pseudo-Gruenfeld Defence.

H. A. LEE White	R. PAYNE Black	H. A. LEE White	R. PAYNE Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	9. Castles	P×P
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	10. P×P	Castles
3. P-KKt3	B-Kt2	11. P-QR4	Kt-R3
4. B-Kt2	P-Q4	12. Kt-R3	B-B4
5. P×P	Kt×P	13. Kt-B3	Kt-Kt5
6. P-K4	Kt-Kt3	14. B-K3	R-B1
7. Kt-K2	P-QB4	15. P-R5	Kt-Q2
8. P-Q5	P-K3	16. Q-R4	Kt-K4

A whole book could be written about these moves, but we must content ourselves here with observing that the model has been the game Euwe v. Smyslov, "World Championship Candidates" Tournament, Autumn 1953. The last move is, however, Payne's own idea, not only threatening to make White very uncomfortable by . . . Kt(K4)-Q6 but setting a little trap:

17. B×P? R×B 19. Q×KtP Kt×KtP!
18. Q×Kt Kt-Q6 20. Kt-K4?

Losing the exchange. Better 20. Q×RP; but Black's bishops would still dominate the board.

20. . . . R×RP 21. Kt-QKt5 Kt-R5

Threatening simultaneously 22. . . . B×R and 22. . . . B×Kt; 23. B×B, Kt-B4 winning a piece.

22. QR-QB1 B-QB1! 23. R×B

Rather than allow Black to win the exchange—23. Q-Kt8, QB-R3; 24. Q×Q, R×Q; 25. Kt (Kt5) moves, B×R . . . or 23. Q-B6? B-Q2—he decides to sacrifice it.

23. . . . Q×R 25. Kt(Kt5)-Q6 R-B7
24. Q×Q R×Q 26. Kt(K4)-Kt5 Kt-B6!

Cunningly preventing either knight from taking the KBP: if 27. Kt(Q6)×P, P-KR3 wins, whilst if 27. Kt(Kt5)×BP, R-R3 followed by . . . B-B1 wins.

27. R-K1 B-Q5

Black could have clinched the win by 27. . . . Kt-K7ch; 28. K-B1, B-Q5 (threatening . . . B×P; K×B, Kt-B5 dis ch and . . . Kt×B), e.g., 29. R×Kt? R-R8ch; 30. R-K1, R×Pch and mates. He is hardly to be blamed for overlooking the resource by which White brilliantly saves the game.

28. R-K8ch K-Kt2 30. R-K7ch K-B3
29. Kt-K6ch! P×Kt

Black can always draw, but if he tries to evade perpetual check he succumbs to worse, e.g., 30. . . . K-B1 or Kt1; 31. R-K8ch, K-Kt2; 32. R-K7ch, K-R3; 33. Kt-B7ch, K-R4? 34. B-B3 mate; or 30. . . . K-B3; 31. R×KPch, K-Kt4; 32. Kt-B7ch, K-Kt5; 33. P-R3ch, K-R4? 34. B-B3 mate.

So 31. R×KPch: Draw agreed.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LESSONS IN DIPLOMACY.

AT various stages in her history Britain has been, either through force of circumstances or her own fault, unnecessarily weak. The early thirties of this century, the period of unsplendid isolation immediately after the South African War, the period in Charles II.'s reign when a niggardly Parliament enabled the Dutch to sail up the Medway and burn his Majesty's ships as they lay at anchor, are three which come most obviously to mind. The early eighties of the eighteenth century is another, though perhaps less obvious, time. We had committed the cardinal mistake of uniting virtually all Europe, as well as the American colonists, against us and but for some great naval victories we should have been in very poor shape indeed. At this period we were threatened in a quarter in which Britain must always be peculiarly sensitive. The Low Countries and their independence of any domination by a great Power remain a vital interest for Britain, whether a threat comes from a Louis IV., a Napoleon, a Hohenzollern or a Hitler. From 1783, onwards, just such a threat developed. The Stadtholder, William of Orange, was devoted to the British connection. He was also, however, incurably and pathetically weak. The opposition to the Stadtholderate came from the Patriots, the rich and influential bourgeoisie of the towns. They received the backing of the French Government with the able Vergennes at the head of the Foreign Ministry. A certain amount of assistance for the British interest could be, and in the end was, obtained from Prussia, but unfortunately in the early stages, in spite of the Princess of Orange's family connection with Prussia, Frederick the Great had had more than enough of British diplomacy as he had experienced it at the hands of George III. and Bute. It was at this point that Sir James Harris, afterwards Lord Malmesbury, was appointed British Minister at The Hague by Pitt. It was a brilliant choice which provided for future generations of diplomats an object lesson in what can be done with skill, tact, determination and, above all, courage. Sir James Harris's position, as Mr. Alfred Cobban points out in "Ambassadors and Secret Agents" (Cape; 21s.), was at first virtually impossible. The English Party were scattered, dismayed and even terrorised; the French Party everywhere arrogantly triumphant. The disparity in weapons at Harris's disposal reflected the respective size of the populations of France and Britain and of their two Foreign Offices. The Foreign Office in London consisted, in addition to the Secretary of State, "merely of one Under-Secretary, ten clerks and a few miscellaneous officers," including two decipherers and (at a lower level) the two chamber keepers and "Ann Cheese; Necessary Woman"—surely the most pleasing description of a Whitehall "Mrs. Mopp" to have been officially recorded! By contrast, the main staff of the Affaires Etrangères consisted of seventy officials—with ancillary services. Moreover, if the French Minister, Vêrac, suffered from the bane of all eighteenth-century French diplomats' lives, the *secret du roi*, the personal foreign policy of the King, Harris, for all his close contact with Carmarthen, the Secretary of State, thought little of Whitehall. As he wrote to his colleague Ewart in Berlin: "Our Principals are too much occupied with the House of Commons to attend what passes on the Continent; and if any good is ever done there, it must be effected through His Majesty's Ministers abroad, and not by those about his person. Long experience has taught me this; and I never yet received an instruction that was worth reading." Nevertheless, in four short years the French designs had been completely defeated by Harris's brilliant handling of his poor diplomatic cards and by skilful employment of a well-chosen and compact Secret Service. It is true that the French got their revenge a few years later when the revolutionaries sent the Stadtholder packing, but Harris's achievement at the time should be studied by all young diplomats.

At a time when France, to the dismay of her friends, is so weak and appears likely to become weaker, it is difficult for us to imagine what a formidable Power she was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As Mr. John Lough points out in "An Introduction to Seventeenth Century France" (Longmans; 21s.), she was numerically by far the strongest Power in Europe. Harris had behind him a population of fewer than five million; Vêrac, one of some twenty-seven millions (this is roughly the proportionate difference between Britain and Soviet Russia to-day). Mr. Lough's book deals with the period covering roughly a hundred years before the French Revolution, but a period when the seeds of that revolution were being sown. Whether his interesting chapter on the peasants who formed the basis of the French economy is wholly a fair one, it is difficult to say. The whole business has become so overlaid with propaganda that it is only the wisest historian who can resist the temptation to read the pre-revolutionary history of France except through post-revolutionary spectacles. Nevertheless, this is an excellent book and so comprehensive that Mr. Lough's title is almost too modest. His choice of the contemporary illustrations is equally admirable.

From the age of eighteen Lord Samuel has been in the habit of noting down any quotation which caught his fancy. (Would that I had done the same!) And now, from the accumulated treasury which has resulted, he has produced in "Book of Quotations" (James Barrie; 15s.) many hundreds for our delectation. Naturally, with his political predilections there is a strong bias towards writers and orators of the left and a consequent neglect of many good things said or written on the right. But in a book which ranges from the sayings of Lao-tze to P. G. Wodehouse this is mere carping personal preference.

A curious literary discovery, which deserves to have received greater attention than it has, is Lewis Carroll's "Useful and Instructive Poetry" (Bles; 6s.). Curious, for it is Carroll's first book, written at the age of thirteen, and instructive because it foreshadows the later Carroll of "Alice." The verses, amusing in the somewhat whimsical manner of Barham or frankly nonsensical like a youthful Lear, are amusingly illustrated in a way which, in one case at least, recalls G. K. Chesterton—and what thirteen-year-old boy to-day could write in the clear, astonishingly mature, hand of the future Reverend Mr. Dodgson?

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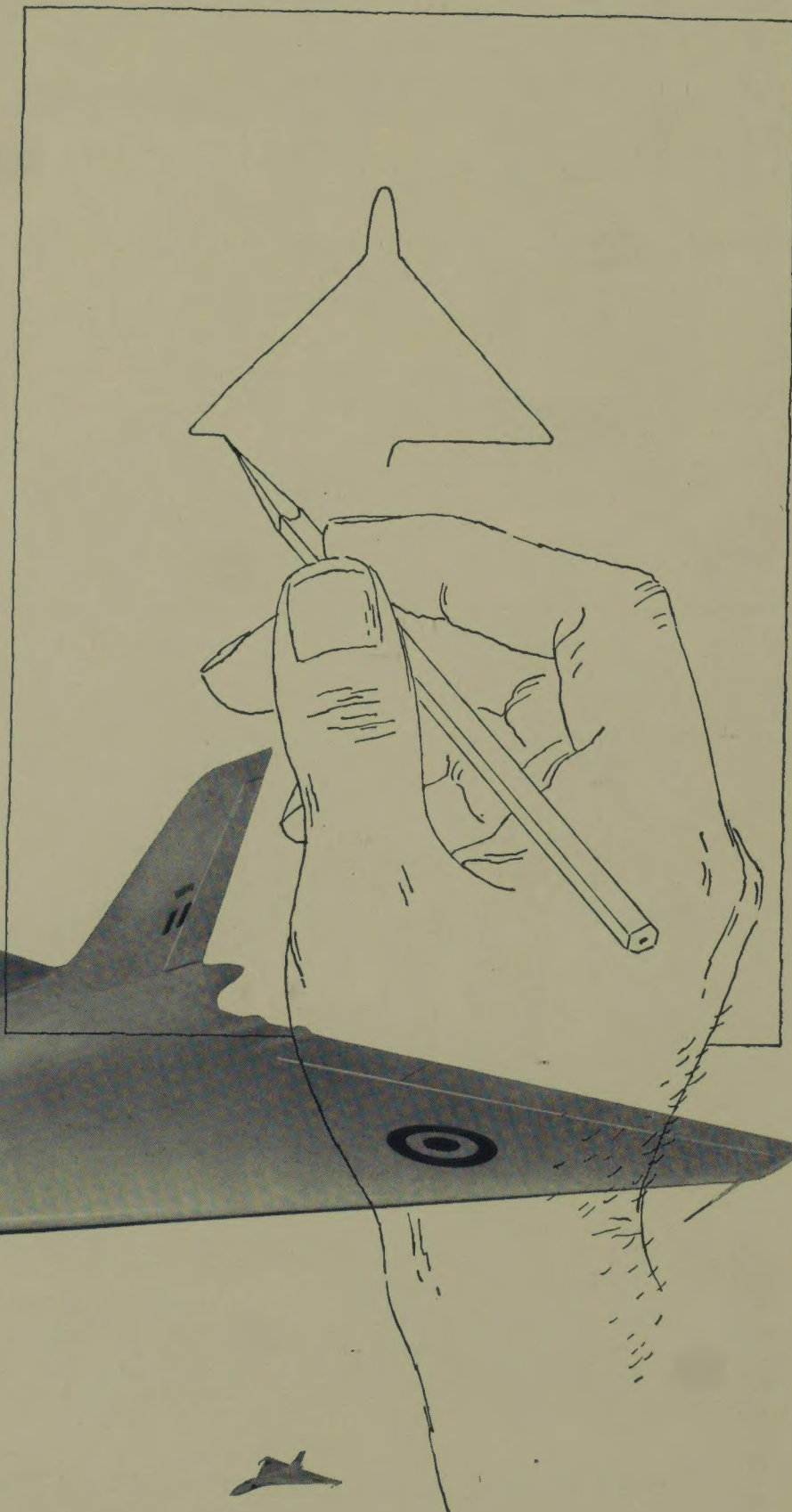
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